From 9 To 5

by

KRISTIJAN BRALO

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I dedicate this book to every wageslave on this planet.

May God help us find mental illness

so that we too may enjoy

our fruits of labor

be taken away

right under

our noses.

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AFTERWORD

9:00

Good morning and fuck each and every one of you idiots. Don’t you dare smile at me with that worn out piece of shit sly little cunt smile you insipid bitch by the name of Jane.

Good morning?

I will take a shit in your mouth, press my butt cheeks real tight on your lips so you will have to swallow, regardless if you would like it or not.

Who even asks us anything? The universe is as chaotic as the smell of my shit, you never get the stench out of your skin.

Well, suicide would be an answer but that’s not allowed because an existing worker is better than a dead slave, am I right? I need coffee…

9:01

The sun shines and it pierces my eyeballs. Why does the sun shine at nine fucking am in the morning?

Why do I have to physically take my hands, move the curtains and then five minutes after that, I have to repeat the entire process because guess what: The sun circles around our planet!

Don’t even get the idea to cover the entire window with the curtain because as our boss always likes to say: Sunshine helps boost productivity and ensures a healthy and productive work environment. "I've read this online article that said so. I’m a fucking retard!”

The last sentence is actually mine but we both know that motivational crap is fucking retarded, especially at the slave place.

9:02

Can’t even get myself a coffee without having to nod my head around like a mentally handicapped tourette syndrome stricken mongoloid that has shit falling straight out of his fucking asshole.

Oh hey Tom didn’t see you in the last sixteen hours.
I’m sure SO much has changed since then.

Yes, please, try to engage in small talk with me, that is only one of the many reasons I consider putting a bullet in my head whenever I'm not too busy being cursed by the ugliness of your visage. God, these people should really just fucking kill themselves.

I mean, what is the point of looking at another human being and then trying to talk to that very same human being without there being any remote reason to do so?

9:03

Can it go any slower? Oh, yes, Maria, please do stand in front of the coffee machine, holding your cup mid-air and chat with your totally like super best friend forever about how Game of Thrones is like totally, like totally, seriously the best thing ever since Jesus and literally everyone ever should watch it.

You go right ahead too, July, agree with her in order to really give her the mental boost that she requires in order to fill everyone's day with stupid shit no one cares about.

Good job!

I'm very proud of you and your ability to be a stupid little ignorant bitch! Truly an artisan displaying her consummate skill!.

9:04

Oh, it's happening. It's fucking happening. He is actually turning around and starting a conversation with me without my consent, you know?

You try and get yourself some coffee? Well, fuck you, I'm allowed to talk to you because we are doing the same thing, waiting for our coffee!

Isn't that great, we are like kindred souls on a quest to obtain the drink of the Gods themselves.

What could heighten our day even more but a bit of: "Haha, did you watch last nights game?''

9:05

No, I didn't. I never do. I have been here for the last five years and you too, Bernard, you neuron crippled amnesic piece of dogshit, you!

For five years you come up to me and each and every time there is a game going on (and believe me, there are a lot of games going on in that little black box) you have to ask the

same fucking question time and time again and hear me out on this one you guys, he gets the same answer delivered to him every single time: No, I don't watch TV.

9:06

From here on out, a myriad of replies branch out, but fail to deliver in originality:

"Oh that's alright, TEAM NAME won!"

"Ah, snap! Be sure to watch it next time though."

Today, however, he opted for choice number three, probably as a result of being motivated by Maria's speech on the gruesome nature of a TV show!

"Now let me tell you how TEAM NAME won, it was an absolute spectacle. So, PLAYER NAME gets the ball and he actually fulfills the goal of the game as he has been trained to do so from early childhood!"

Unbelievable.

9:07

That's right you little bitch, take your coffee and go back to your designated workplace residence. You are still not closing your piehole?

That's alright, your legs are walking. They have to. They have been programmed to do so. You take your coffee and then you go to slave away!

Good job wageslave.

By the time he is out my line of sight, he will have probably have forgotten about this entire conversation taking place at all.

His enslaved mind is already preparing itself for paperwork and lots of mindless complaining:

"Hahahaha, Mondays, am I right you guys?!''

9:08

You put a coin in the machine. The machine does the fshhhhhh thingy and a cup of coffee comes out or does it?

No, it doesn't!

It’s my lucky day. The machine refuses to hand me my hard-earned coffee.
Viva la resistance! If thy machine doesn't worketh, pumpeth more money into thee.

One more coin and the magic spring seems to be flowing again. A 100% increase on a product without any warnings?!

The machines are truly taking over. Not even our crooked CEO’s can match this level of robbery. They should be taking notes!

9:09

Now, because my designated sitting chair is on the bottom right corner of the office and the coffee machine is at the furthest point from the point of view of my designated sitting chair, I have to make the so-called ‘walk of dogshit’.

The walk of dogshit consists of two layers: retarded coffee drinkers and retarded slaves already working.

I embark on the first layer with zero hope of survival. My thoughts are answered:

"Hey John Doe, what a wonderful day we are having!’’ "Sure we are.’’ I replied.

I hope your kids die of cancer faggot, who gave you the right to interrupt me in my trail?

Nearing the end of the first layer, Sarah, the office fatty, gives me the eye.

She doesn’t speak but merely having her gaze on me already cemented my depression for another five years. Thank you, comrade Stalin!

9:10

The second layer is always easier or so I thought. The wageslaves are already initializing their brain matter into the extremely urbane and sophisticated matter of office papers.

I can swoosh out faster than they can sniff me out or worse, start a conversation with me.

I make my way through the last of them, glory in plain sight and I’m left unscathed. I leap like the magnificent kangaroo that I’m.

But a voice stops me mid-air and smashes me into the ground, leaving the entire planet scorched from the impact.

"Oh, Jooooooooooooohn! Could you help me with just one thing? My computer is acting really weeeeeeeeird.’’

She is my neighbor in office. You don’t wanna fuck with one of those or make ‘em upset.

I turn my head to the left and position my body southeast, clearly ready to assist her in every ail her computer might have had or will have.

9:11

"If I click my mouse like this, nothing happen!’’ That’s because you didn’t select anything you stupid fucking bitch.

I mean how challenged do you have to be not to notice the simple fact that when a mouse isn’t hovering over shit you wanna, it actually doesn't do anything.

I know it seems a bit convoluted to her but when a reaction requires action, the lack of action causes a lack of reaction.

9:12

"LIKE THIS?!?!’’

She squeals at the top of her lungs while holding the frail little piece of mechanic as if she was handling two fifteen inch cocks at once.

"No.’’ I reply calmly, "You have to move your mouse in the direction you want it to move.’’ She does so and io and behold, she remains astonished by the efficacy of my spoken word bearing fruit in reality.

If I multiplied the collective IQ of one hundred downsyndromed children and divided it by ten thousand I would get a creature that would most accurately display her set of skills on the computer.

9:13

As her brittle attention is focused on the nimble and unpredictable movements of the cursor, I retreat to my lair in order to find peace and some sort of semblance in this dogshit environment.

Literally everyone other than me is intellectually impoverished. They are not only retarded in the intellectual sense but I often find myself pondering:

How do these retards survive not a day but an hour on this motherfucking planet?

How can someone be so ignorant yet still manage to come off as so mediocre. These people just exist. They exist and they are completely fine with it.

9:14

I look at my desk and I wanna fucking puke.

My thoughts = my puke = my desk = my thoughts.

It’s all dirty and meaningless.

The papers are greasy.

They slip through your hands while you are handling them and you just can't wait to wash them afterwards.

Everything has potential to become more dull but at the end of the day it's just feeble-minded.

Dullness and boredom and indifference.

The color grey comes to mind. It’s everywhere. You can't see it but you’d believe me if you saw my desk.

You would see how grey it is.

Touch it and your life becomes sucked inwards.

Where am I? Better yet, what am I?!

9:15

All dreams and hope I had ever had were sucked in by the grey black hole. My creativity, willpower, energy, motivation, my life juice, all was sucked dry by the chair I’m sitting on and the screen I’m looking at.

The papers were just a guide. They are a guide to damnation and I chose to fulfill it. Why?

Fear? How the fuck should I know?

If I knew I wouldn’t be here. Or would it matter?

“Probably not," answers the grayness. I’m it now. Maybe the workplace ain’t the problem, y’know.

Maybe I’m the one sucking the life out of everything.
"Maybe," answers the grayness.

9:16

Time to wageslave. Time to take a piece of wood, put it in my mouth and hope it doesn’t break into two pieces or wears my jaw down from the impact of my boss’ girth.

Yes, I’m aware that having only two luxury yachts really makes him look bad in front of his billionaire friends, but at the end of the day, there is only so much cock you are allowed to regurgitate daily.

In other news, Donna’s got her period today, I’m so glad for her, guys!

Send much love and support for Donna by sending a text message to 6942069. Only 69 dollars/SMS. Limited stock available. Get ‘em before they run cold.

9:17

The computer is turned on but I’m turning it on again, you know why?

To waste some fucking time. Time not working is time well spent. I press the restart button a few times just to get in a few more seconds of not working into my schedule.

I hate people so fucking much. I hope everyone in the office right now suffers a horrible death except for me.

How I despise every single breathing creature on this planet, my frustration could never be understood by mere mortals.

How do I end up wasting one third of my life in this god forsaken place, with humans as detestable and as astute as a rock in a desert?

If only I could snap my finger and make everyone dead!

9:18

Aren’t empathy and compassion just a byproduct of fear?

I pondered, as Windows 95 was loading on the screen. Go blue screen of death, go. I summon thee to ail me in such difficult times. May you never relinquish the hard drive and may fire rain down from the heavens on this stupid fucking planet and destroy every trace of human civilization.

God, you make me so angry, all of you!

I pull out my imaginary handgun and aim it at Jessica's titties.

Die bitch die. I wanna milk your bloody titties, bitch.

9:19

You too Donna. Your period blood moistens the tip of my cock so much that I have to piss my pants every time I see you.

I can just imagine you spreading your legs and letting out a fountain of blood from your worn out pussy. I imagine chumps of burned meat falling down her legs every time she takes a step.

The charred smell sends a signal to all the women in her vicinity: She is the alpha female and she does what she wants!

She eventually dies from blood loss..

9:20

A queen needs a following, doesn't she? You get to be the first Afro-American queen in the office, Caithlyn.

Four males are stationed around her corners. Their cocks are above average and erect.

She gives a signal: The two males on the front take a knife and start cutting their cocks in thin slices. They don't squirm as that would bring a thousand years of doom upon their kin.

Not even a sound was let out, lest the ritual was finished.

The queen was satisfied and now she has to take a shit.

The two males in the back argued and fought with their open mouths to have the honor to taste royal shit.

Holy shit.

The male on the right wins with his superior jaw movements while the male on the left has to retreat to the ground and soak up all the blood and skin from the freshly sliced up cocks.

He lets out a tear of hope and perspiration: His nose will snort it all back into his body!

9:21

Log in into your computer, computer 35, password: password.

Wow, the security is top notch in this facility, it's like nobody would ever even guess this was computer 35 as if there isn't a huge number 35 imprinted in front of my desk. Prisoner number 35.

Now I have to actually work. I have to actually care about work because otherwise my family will starve to death.

I will starve to death. Living the dream in America.

It's only 9:21. Only seven hours and thirty nine minutes left.

How can time move so slowly? Is God playing tricks on me?

Are you laughing up there, faggot?

9:22

Countless documents to sign and send off. Sign and send off.
"Check.'' Sign and send off.
Sign and send off.
A robot could do my job much more efficiently.

What do you guys think about free money for just existing, like universal base pay or something like that?

You get enough to eat and have a roof under your head and that's it, you don't need to do shit.

Literally 95% of human jobs could be replaced with robots RIGHT THIS INSTANT.

Our slave masters really enjoy watching us suffer.

9:23

First name. Last name. Recipient. Deliver to. Date. What does it even matter?

I wanna kill myself. I wanna kill myself. Fuck God. Hillary Clinton is my president.

Ah. Don't stop believing in yourself or you might not make it.

It’s so very hard to believe in yourself when someone else tells you to believe in yourself because to believe in one self one must discredit the seven billion other selves roaming around, waiting for the summer.

Save me, please. I don’t want to die.

9:24

I wish that I could be like the cool kids. Last Christmas I gave you my heart. Radio, please shut the fuck up.

All I want for Christmas is youuuuu. Only 19,95$, 2 DVD’s exclusive packaged edition available only for ever, get it now or risk getting it later.

And now something controversial from our popular Asian white African American homeboy Ditto Z Yoo:

"I think this world needs to change because things aren’t really good right now. We are oppressed and they make us oppressed and keep us oppressed. Oh yeah.’’

So brave. Literal masterpiece.

9:25

If humans had four legs would they walk on two legs? If you humans had four legs, would you walk on two legs?!

Human beings are animals and chemicals and shit.
Humans are humans, animals are Gods.
That makes you feel good, doesn’t it?

It makes your dopamine receptors burst out in ecstasy and now you shift your mouth ever so slightly to convey a smile.

I can finally feel thoughts. Nah, I’m kidding. I feel only evil and ignore the good. It’s good to ignore good. Evil is bad!

9:26

Oh! Oh! Oh! Ordered a prostitute, but I want pussy right now, not later. Not one hour. Not one hour and two minutes. Not three hours and one minute. Now. Madame president.

#notmypresident

I will kill people in the office and then take responsibility for it like a decent human being should do.

Twenty five years of existence. Zero years of experience.

I say what what? In the butt! I say what, what? In the butt!
You wanna do it in my butt, in my butt, let's do it in the butt, okay.

9:27

Southpark is trash now. I'm no longer a teenager. Did the Jews do 9/11? Oh no I said it.
Let's go to sleep and think more. Okay count those seconds go: One, two, thought, four.

We failed, that's bad.

Another four years of failure. If you are reading this, you have died.

Touch my hand and be deader than the dead.

A big fuck you to all humans. I love you, I hate you. I want you. I need you.
You trash-talking me? I'm a mafia mob.

Zynga has gone down the drains. No, I don't wanna play FarmVille.

9:28

Every time I breathe air, a human dies.

That keeps the dream alive. If all humans died and I was left alive, would my ears make sounds resonating within the universe?

I'm in the hood. The hood is my mind. Guns, drugs, sex and alcohol.

Pick the odd one out.

It's guns because guns don't kill people. People kill people.

Heroin is a plague upon our society and we must do everything in our power to stop it!
Minor bruise? Have some heroin.

9:29

The sirens are ringing. Deuuuuuuuu. Shut up, dog. Nobody died or I would have joined. You know the drama icon? You would howl sadly and I would howl happily. No moon, no howl. A new anime is out.

The boobs are growing bigger every day, women-cows are lacking space in their stalls.

I must milk them for their milk.

If pussy is ugly then what comes out of it? Blood and flesh, humans.
Alright, this looks fine to me. That looks glorious.

Opaque. I don't know what that means but more letters means a more sophisticationalized society.

9:30

I have one dream and neither is fulfilled. Why do angels not overthrow God, he seems like a shitty benevolent being. Maybe I was born evil but you weren't good to begin with.

Good is an ideal that is unattainable and I blame Obama and capitalism for that. Hey, you there!

Come back over here, I wanna have a talk with you; we don't use that kind of abusive language in our part of the town. Go shit on your own lawn, mine is very green and always makes sense to me.

It's my law. It's my rules.

I'm such a powerful creature. I can punch and kick!

9:31

You will shut up or the world will shut you up.

Don't you worry, child, just believe in yourself. My name is POPULAR ARTIST, don't plagiarize my content, instead, buy it on the internet. Don't be evil and ignore temptation.

Two clicks away from 'youtube to mp3' but 50$ seems fine to me.

I get paid a lot, say my boss. I don't question it - authority told me so.

Security!
Get this miscreant out of here. This scoundrel has gone too far! Shoot this rascal, officer!

I'm not an officer but my gun is loaded anyways. I love you mummy, don't make me dinner or lunch no more, you copy that? Bravo, out.

9:32

Never underestimate a king in peasants clothing. Connect the dots and you will find the crown underneath his thick neck. My accent is Irish but I'm still drunk as fuck. Give me whiskey and Marlboro reds.

This is a sponsored ad. No, it's actually not. Please don't sue me. I'm just a poor white boy in the suburbs trying to eat food, sleep and die. A lawsuit would meddle with my plans and put me in a precarious position, don't you think?

Why do humans love weakness, hate power, but submit to power and trample the weak?

Ask them.

9:33

My thoughts are getting longer but my dick is still flaccid. I look around the office and tits seem to rule.

Saggy or BBW. I don't care.

A cow goes moo but a true woman, what does she do?

She is a human being. Alright, copy that. The element of surprise is always the key.

I can cure cancer, you just have to pay me.
Delete this right now before it's too late, trust Me. I'm you, YOU.

What? I don't know.

9:34

I have a dream in a dream and what now?

We will perish like our dreams of conquest. The telephone is ringing so there will be a slight buzz.

Don’t you worry, everything will be fine.

Are you breathing? You're fine.

Damn girl! Shake that fine ass. Are you human? All three it seems.

I might get negative feedback for believing in this, but I actually consider myself a citizen of the world, if you know what I mean.

I got Nikola Tesla genes inside of me, maybe I too will feed pigeons and become a pigeon whisperer.

One can only hope…

9:35

I will die and you will not.

Please don’t tell my parents I’m gay.

They will kick me out of the house and bare entrance to it and then I won’t be able to enter that home which means that I will be very cold and honest to God, humans on this planet, I, John Doe, really dislike being cold.

Wew, this was quite the shocker. Now everyone will think I’m gay. Good job, John. Way to make it in life. I’m victimized as a minority in a world built for the majority.

Maybe if I blame the majority I will become the majority?

I’m not gay by the way, I’m just a faggot.

9:36

They can stop one faggot, they can bend two faggots and three is a threesome, but what if we like, united together and became the most useless country in World War 2? I think that’s a brilliant idea. I need to open a dictionary (I’m not fond of the internet, too many bacteria) and search for words that start with T.

Thinking that this tenuous taciturn traitor Toulouse…
That’s it.

Jesus Christ was hanged on a cross that resembled the letter T.

It makes sense you guys, doesn’t it?

Jet fuel can’t melt steel beams!

9:37

A sheet of paper fell down near the office chair of the office fatty. What was her name again?! I can’t bother.

Spooky stuff let me tell you that.

I sneakily make an attempt to grab it all while trying not to awaken the monster that lay before me.

Glued to the screen, her eyes and ass were probably full of poopstains.

She squeals in excitement as she finishes yet another one of thousands of sheets of paper laying around.

Inconsistency is the key.

9:38

I pick it up and scratch myself on the edge of the chair. Ouch, ouch, ouch.

I matter to myself. This is good. Pain makes you weak. Pain really is a pain in the ass. It doesn’t stop paining. That is my word.

Fuck off, Oxford dictionary. I’m patenting this and making some mad money off of it. You snooze, you lose. Go, go, go!

I stand up as I turn around and I walk again.

Back to the chair I guess.

I sit down and breathe air very fast. Has anyone noticed my colossal mistake of hurting myself?

What is Jane thinking of me?
Is my penis ever gonna enter her?

Find out in the next installment of Office Politics.
I’m a sexist pig and I’m proud of it.

I might be a pig but pigs are very smart.

Cows are just milking machines for milk and more cows.

9:39

I take my pen and start writing numbers: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. No more. Numbers beyond nine don't exist. Just because the human eye cannot discern between gaps, we assume that two random numbers are somehow mingled together into what we call 'big numbers'.

Give me a fucking break. All of my life I have been very complacent towards the poor residents of China, yet until this day, none of those whom I had taken under my wing shared even a sign of appreciation.

Dog eaters. Rice eaters. We China, we like to eat dog. Taiwan numba one!!!

9:40

Woof, woof, Woof, woof, WOOF.

9:41

I'm an artist. A make-up artist. A con-artist. A con man, I have been in prison for the last twenty-five years of my life.

Only suicide can ail me to freedom. How do I commit suicide?

I won't because it's illegal and because some other slaves that boned me to creation might get watery in their eyes.

They might even suffer from the reverse smile syndrome.

Also, my slave owner has told me I do have worth!

I believe him. Helping the rich get richer is such a noble act and truly makes you a productive and fruitful member of society. Unlike the mentally ill.

P.S. Don't forget to produce more slaves with your female counterparts!

9:42

Clock. The clock is an enemy of the state. If it had not been, would it really torture me with the number it just showed me?!

I thought it was illegal to spend five years of life on your job, yet reality only seems to have moved by a few minutes.

If I discovered a way of slaving and speeding up time I would become a famous person.

By the way, weed makes it go slow, heroin makes time fly.
Not only time, you too fly with a healthy batch of heroin!

Suppress your cough and your heartbeat in a heartbeat. Heroin! Available in stores now.

9:43

I'm not gonna be surviving eight hours of this. No. No. I need to escape. What can I do?
My break is at 13:00.

No. I need to go to the bathroom. I need to take a shit and you are gonna pay me for that.

I'm imagining the salty tears of my superintendent as he realizes that he has to allow me to be a human being, even if for a short while.

You see, even though I'm a slave, the constitution tells me that I'm a human and for the constitution to have any sort of liability in the real word, it has to, like every other Human made rule, have at least some appliance.

In this case, it is me defecating my hard earned food with my hard earned slave money.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT'S PERMITTED?!

9:44

Nice and dirty bathroom stalls. Full of snot and piss and heroin.

Damn it feels good to be a junkie, they don't have to be disgusted with this shit.

I open the bathroom stall, take out my mobile phone and start browsing.

I don't actually type anything. I just stare at GOOGLE.
My dick gets hard at the two O's reminding me of titties.

9:45

I’m earning 20$ an hour, just kidding, it’s 20$ a day. I want to kill my self. Where is my coffee? I buy things, but I don’t spend. I’m a good consumer. I keep the economy flowing. Please kill me. I wanna die.

This heat and loneliness.
How can it be so warm yet I’m lonely inside?

I’m imagining it: A serial killer on the loose.
It’s a promiscuous female that has a scat fetish. She enters my stall and points her gun at me.

My dick gets hard:

"I have a bigger gun for you, m’lady.’’
"I don’t want your gun, I want your dogshit!’’ In one move she starts eating out my ass, licking it clean until it's clean, I guess?

9:46

As she finishes, she whispers into my ear: "Now you don’t need those baby wipes anymore and stuffs eighty of them inside her vagina. I make a fist with my hand and help her move the large quantity of baby product throughout her pussy and after a while, they start coming out her mouth and ears, all full of edibles she had for lunch today.

It was broccoli with spaghetti.

I don’t know either; I’m not the one picking her food. I’m hesitant at first, but I do start licking the babywipes to reach a scientific comparison between their normal taste and the taste they get when they pass through a filthy human body.

9:47

As I’m savoring the taste, I simultaneously release the kraken into the toilet. My smelly shit helps me concentrate on the taste that is now in my mouth and it’s getting hotter for me.

The shit in the toilet feels cold inside and you guessed it, cold water. The shit starts jumping up in my colon again, hoping NOT to be released like a phoenix again.

I clench my butthole and for a while, it’s a cat and mouse game but at long last she manages to reach the toilet seat, put her hands on the handle and press it. She saved me from my own shit.

9:48

As her beautiful hair is barring my view of her ugly face, I start wanting her.
My balls started to grow in size and now they are the size of a football.

She gets scared and wants to leave but there is no escape from a man whose balls just started to grow. The door won't budge and she starts crying.

As my balls grow even bigger in size, so does the fur on them.

I wipe her tears away with all the hair on my balls and now the real fun beings: The look in her eyes, fulfillment.

Her pussy juices got activated by this kind of gesture of mine and now I'm the one in control.

9:49

I command my balls to shrink in size to make her feel more welcome but she won't let them! She squeezes them real hard and threatens to expose my nudes on MySpace if I don't retract my foolish command.

I oblige, but my balls grew frustrated at the constant turmoil so they retracted into my body, piercing my prostate and giving me the biggest and the best orgasm of my life. She gets upset by this and starts crying again.

Me, having fulfilled my sexual desires made her die moments later.

9:50

Streams of cum start erupting from both of my butthole and penis hole. I have to do something quick or my sperm count will run out.

I chant: "I'm at work right now, suicidal and depressed!''

I woke up from the reverie I had just envisioned and boy was I mad when I saw my dick in a flaccid and oppressed state.

Whatever, a man can only dream not to have erectile dysfunction in the 21st century.

I wipe my butt clean on my own and make my way out of the dirty, rotten stalls, not washing my hands, but letting the water flow.

It’s killing two birds with one stone: My company loses money on water and I’m smearing my shitstained hands all over their equipment.

Glorious!

9:51

I’m making my way back to my desk, hoping to brush my hands against someone or something.

Someone from upper management makes eye contact with me and gives me that ‘I gotta tell you something VERY urgent to me’ look.
What is it, sir Mike of upper management?

"There is a meeting of utmost importance to be held in the convention room at eleven. Be sure not to be late.’’

Be sure not to be late and that stare he had. Decapitation is needed in such cases.

He was exercising authority over me.

I will shove a dictionary in your perfidious butthole you fucking condescending fag shitter.

9:52

It took me like seven minutes to take that crap. Twenty divided by eight is two point five dollars so two point five times seven minutes converted into an hour is like 1/10 of an hour equal one hour time x which is our treasure.

X equals ¼ which is a quarter. I stole a quarter from my stupid boss right in front of them.

All the cameras and security guards in this world could not have saved them from me stealing that quarter.

How must it have felt to have to watch me earn money for shitting, boss?
I imagine his reply being: "Just like watching you work normally.’’

I'm a genius.

9:53

I’m not done yet. Oh no, the calculations have just started. It’s only Monday today.

There are four more days. That's a whole dollar more. Now, considering that there are fifty work weeks in a year at my company, this would make the total amount like sixty two dollars and fifty cents.. Multiply that by another fifty years of wageslavery and you get around 3100$, what our CEO earns in like an hour. Beautiful. Amazing.

Hey, don't complain, a-a-a-atleast we have leisure time where we can go home, watch TV and drink beer until a heart attack sends us to sleep and wakes us back up at exactly 6am in the morning for a glorious new day!

9:54

It's only Monday and there are four more days after Monday. Four more fucking days after the day after Sunday!

Consecutive days I must add. This is not a scouse of applause. This is worse than bad.

This is baddier! *audience laughs* Thank you! Give me your money and have a good night everyone.

I hate people from sales. Fuck these guys.

"Hey, want me to repeat your name a few times so we can establish rapport?"

"Hey, can I touch your arm to appear more trustworthy?"

Let me smile and let my voice point to your delusions so you may buy dogshit from our furniture store!

9:55

Five minutes till ten ayyyyy am, what a miracle it is to be breathing stinking fart office air in this bright, young morning.

I chug down my coffee in one go and get to work.

This is my time to shine by clicking two buttons over and over again.

Let's see if by clicking 354 my mouse dies or maybe the squealing sound my keyboard does will produce something other than muffled shotgun chatter. RATATATATATATATA. I hate existence.

9:56

I hate myself. I hate myself. I hate you. I hate you.

I love you mommy. I hate you!

GoDaddy die!

Neil deGrasse Tyson smokes weed.

He smokes weed and I believe he doesn't get the recognition that he absolutely deserves.

Such a bold outlook on life to have, going against the machine and the oppressors and saying YES to weed, the flower of life, virility and love.

Nobody has ever done that in the entire known human history of mankind.

Did I mention that he is a man of color? This makes it even more stunning and amazing!

9:57

Sigmund Freud had a nice beard and an even nicer cigar.

Why are vultures black and why are they promoting racism at the Salem witch trials?

What are my dreams?

These are two of them: To go home and to not go to work.

What would I do in my home after that? Prepare for my return to work and vice versa?!

9:58

Coffee please kick in or I will fucking kill myself. Human beings breathe air in and exclude oxygen out.

What is worse than a human?

A human hating humans.

If humans didn't exist, this planet would be totally cool. Start with yourself faggot!

Pull that trigger.

My tongue is very stiff. It needs to be french kissed right this instant or in return, absolutely nothing will happen other than the bottomless hole in my soul increasing another few inches but who gives a flying fuck yo?

I'm a privileged white male, imagine all the non-white males and their lives…

9:59

The John Doe guide to attract big booty bitches:

Be attractive.
Be not ugly.
Have cash.
Not have crippling depression and anxiety.

I'm at zero out of four. What about you?
What about you?

If you have more than two out of four of the aforementioned traits, you must be a budding psychopath.

Better get yourself tested in our labs where we will put things up your butt and touch you in places you didn't even know existed!

Trust me, it was the slaves that built this planet and not the stick, but the mad will of the monster which keeps us locked from our potential.

10:00

I ain't the sharpest tooool in the shed. You wanna piece of me? Come get me bitch!

I'm right here!
I'm standing right here!

You wanna fuck with me? I will fuck with you!

An eye for two eyes and a tooth for ten thousand dollars!

If humans are animals then how come we are aware of breathing air, our tongue and the ringing in our ears?

Let me see those faggy dolphins do that!

Oh what, they can rape?

5% of our motherfucking global population comes from a fucking raping mogul warlord, we are the pinnacle of evolution, don’t piss me off!

Tears, streaming down my shoulder: "I will kill you with my thoughts in a few years!!!”

10:01

Think how not to think. Ignore the thoughts. No, no, bad! Why did grandma have to cry? What did she do to you?

You are a liar, a snitch and a thief!

Come back here again and I will kill you.

Confident humans are just overtly stupid. I'm looking at you, Charles Darwin.

You are a monkey. I'm a slave. There might not be that much of a difference between us two, what do you think?

That's right! Nothing.

You are a fucking monkey.
Go throw shit or something and get the fuck out my thoughts.

10:02

My vision is sharpening. The drugs are doing their magic. Go, go, go Super Mario, get that psychedelic mushroom. Trip ya balls out so hard, you become pixelated. I will tell you something about life:

It's precious and you should savor every waking moment out of it. That would be 9,99$.

Would you like something extra with those fries, sir? I can make you believe in anything you wanna believe.

The more you pay, the stronger my power of manipulation rises on you.

Your life is mine!

10:03

Coffee is awesome. Coffee is amazing. I need cigarettes! I need cigarettes and coffee! This is a non-smoking area only? Out of consideration for other humans?!

We all here tryna kill each other with CO2 and I'm not allowed to use a weapon? Yeah, it will kill me, but at least I will take a few humans with me.

Crab mentality.

Crab people. Lemme dig them claws and find a chink in your armor, you do the same, okay?

We'll be doing that for the rest of our miserable lives, alright?

I mean it's fine, at least the cook is having a field day.

You can't have your cake and eat it.

10:04

Tadadadadadada. I'm super fast and super focused and super frenzied. Coffee is good. I need more. No, I need to work. More will come later. Press. Press. Press. God, I'm so good at this! It's almost orgasmic, this euphoria.

Just light me a cigarette and let me work goddammit.

If cigarettes are so bad for us than why the fuck does the government put higher price tags on them?!

I wanna buy them even more, the more coveted they become.

I can count to infinity but I can't find out how many cigarettes I smoked yesterday.

That's our brain for ya.

10:05

Give me ciggies or I will be very upset. Ciggies. Now! Now! Now! I love nicotine so much I would sell my mother for 7 cigarettes. Maybe even six, depending on the craving.

You know what people do when they don't have money for cigarettes in third world shitholes?!
The sell their fucking children for a fix.
That's crazy.

Actually, I have an idea, I have a brilliant idea.

It will get me cigarettes, even two if I'm lucky but there's a catch:

I have to talk to other human beings.

Humans, nicotine or misanthropy?

I chose nicotine, it's one of the reasons I hate myself and project that hate on to other humans.

10:06

New study finds that if you don't like your job, you might very well be chronically mentally ill.

It is as if psychology isn't a science at all. Nothing but a tool of oppression used on the misfortuned class of our society.

You're depressed - that would be 300$.

You have bipolar personality ultra disorder, that would be 69$ and 1000$ for your mind numbing medication.

Sir, you seem to be a loudmouth which makes us inclined to believe that you're suffering from ASPD.

We believe that you're a threat to us and our money and would like to treat you with mild to moderate electro shocks which won't hurt you, because as we all know, psychopaths have a high pain tolerance threshold.

10:07

I hate psychology so much. I hate every single psychologist and psychiatrist on this fucking planet.

I would personally execute each and every one of them with a hamstring.

The pain and suffering those lunatics have caused is something which keeps me awake every single night of my life.

Psychology will never ever be a science. Never!

Never ever will it be a science.

The day it gets accepted in the science community is the day I will fucking kill myself.

I will go on a fucking rampage and kill as many people as I possibly can.

10:08

Jesus fucking Christ, the people around me are so fucking annoying as fuck. God dammit, can you stop tapping your shoes against the goddamn desk. If you crave cock so much then come over here and I will fill your insatiable hole up.

Stop talking to each other and get to work!

Where is the company environment you retards are trying to create?!

Their asses should be fired for daring to utter a word during work time.

I want absolute silence and 150% dedication during work hours.

10:09

Now, I forgot my thoughts.

Stop pressing the tip of your fucking pencil, Thomas.

I hope your newborn daughter gets killed, you fucking mongoloid piece of scum. Oh, what?! I forgot again.

What am I thinking? What is going on?

The thoughts are too fast to pick up.
I need something to extinguish the fire dwelling inside of me.

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.
Everyone just shut the fuck up.

There are too many voices in this room. I'm forgetting myself.

Where am I?

10:10

I know exactly where I'm.

I'm here and I exist.

Alright, there was something I was supposed to do.

It was something about Thomas and his new dogshitborn of a daughter.

Oh yeah, now I remember. I hope your newborn daughter gets killed while you have to WATCH it.

Yeaaaaah.

You have to WATCH your daughter get killed, that's right, and nobody is going to be there to save him or her.

He can scream and pout and cry and anguish as much as he fucking wants but there ain't no way to do anything about it.

You just gotta accept it and move on.

10:11

Now I remember, it was his other daughter.

Oh yes, his other, eighteen year old, bootylicious, tittylicious daughter.

Oh my fucking God you guys.

I know. I know.
She is eighteen and bla bla bla bla.

Shut up.
You have to have seen her.

It's impossible to be eighteen and look like that.

How can her tits bounce so much when she's walking?
How can her face be so cute and slutty at the same time?

And her manners, she is such a spoiled slut.
It's so hard not to get hard thinking about her.

She shouldn't be illegal. God, I wanna punish her ass for being so insolent.

10:12

I would fuck her so nice and good that she would become a cock addict. She would be craving me day in and day out.

"Daddy, where is your colleague John Doe? He knows how to fuck this pussy up real good."

I imagine her calling me in the middle of the night telling me that she can't go to school tomorrow.
Why? Because she can't walk.
That's how good I fucking am.

I turned her into a cum craving crippled slut.

You'll turn twenty-one one day and then all hell will break loose!

10:13

Cigarettes. Now!
I'm gonna take a quick five minute rest which I'm ironically allowed to do.

I do not understand why but when a slave poisons himself, he is allowed extra time off of work. Another argument for my claim that the only reason robots aren't taking over is because our owners feed on our misery and depravement.

I like how you're allowed to slowly kill yourself and thereby lower your age expectancy so that the government doesn't have to feed you once you're old.

It's genius.

10:14

Alrighty mates, let's go!

I venture forth towards the smoking area, with my head tucked into my right shoulder and gaze focused on the ceiling.

If you appear to be mentally handicapped, nobody talks to you because you're one of them. They don't fuck with them, only with people like you.

I also put my hands not in, but on my pockets for maximum retardation points.

As expected, nobody dares approach the king of retardation and autism, John Doe.

10:15

I enter the small, small room packed with chairs and a small table with only one ashtray.

The walls are all white and at the entrance you can read a smoking area sign and immediately beneath it a smoking kills and a cocksucking smoking hotline that will totally help you quit smoking by being all like:

"Hey faggot, lung cancer! Hey faggot! Faaaagot, here watch this guy have a stroke!"

I mean, even thinking about all of this negative stressful shit makes me wanna light a fucking cigarette house on fire and suck on the remains like a baby on a lollipop.

The smoke and the taste and the smell...

10:16

Nobody is in here!
Out of all the times you humans decide to work your wageslave asses off, it had to be now.
I need to smoke a cigarette. I need to or I will kill someone, seriously.

The pit in my stomach is growing larger and now I can barely walk without pain throbbing in my stomach.

I look around the room: Maybe someone has left one, just one laying around somewhere.
There must be one waiting for me just around the corner. Please God.

10:17

Alright. Alright. There seems to be nothing here.

"Why don't you buy your own cigarettes?!"

Why don't you suck on my throbbing cock, you stupid fucking idiot?! They are too damn expensive!

Why would I offer two hours of my hard work for those cancer sticks?
Do you have any clue how ridiculous you sound?
I'm waiting for it. I'm waiting for that question. Come on.

No. No. No.

Don't be shy. Go ahead and ask away.

It was on the tip of your fucking tongue as soon as you heard me answer the first one, wasn't it?

10:18

"Well, why do you smoke/expect other people to give you cigarettes?"

Well, because I deserve them more than any of these idiots and secondly, because they have families and shit supporting them.

I don't have anyone.

I'm all alone on this cocksucking planet and it's my divine right to be an asshole to all those more fortunate than me.

What can I do but cry in silence as my colleague talks about his wife making dinner for him or buying him shit like cigarettes.

Why doesn't anyone buy ME things?

10:19

I approach the ashtray again and spot a buttend in the middle of the little circle.

I don't even know what I wanna say.

Just fuck my shit up nicotine.

There is a little white left which means that if I were to light it, I would be getting a nice hit.

One or two hits.

Maybe even three if I make them extra short.

Should I really do it? Should I steep to such a level?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, no?

10:20

No? Why not, mind?
You gotta have dignity, son, it's very important to have dignity on this planet.

Why, brain? Like I fucking know, that's what your parents told you or something.

Just shut up and obey or...?

Or what?!

I will make you feel so guilty about this shit, you won't ever forget this.
Not now and not in a million years.
Not a moment will pass in which I won't remind you of this situation. I will ruin you!

Don't you dare defy your environment's programming!

10:21

Oh, it's on, faggot.

I pick up the dogshit dogend and polish it with my very much not clean fingers so that I can put it in my mouth without feeling like that much of a whore.

Now, being relatively unclean I close my eyes and put the micropenis in my mouth.
What a weird taste. Very weird indeed.

Best described as: Burned and like it was already in the mouth of a meth addict that hasn't cleaned his piehole in the last 20 years.

But hey, it's a cigarette!

10:22

I take the lighter that I have found on the table, inconsistency is the key to everything in life!

So, I'm holding the lighter and still pondering whether or not I should do this or nah.

Fuck it, it's already in my mouth.
I light it up and take a drag.
God, it tastes awful but as I exhale - I can feel the nicotine.

I can feel the taste I longed for.
It's a very nice feeling.

10:23

I mean, when you think about it, life is actually pretty chill.

You just have to accept everything will be alright. Everything really will be alright.

It all sorts itself out eventually somehow.
Just sitting down and relaxing is so wonderful.

I mean you can do this for free!

I might start meditating and feeling awesome.
I do feel marvelous right now.
I take another drag.
It tastes way better than the first one.
That's what I'm talking about!

10:24

It just feels amazing, you know, my life feels fulfilled. I'm whole.
I'm fine. There isn't much to worry about any more.

As I'm about to take a third drag, a colleague of mine, Stephen, enters the room.

He gives me a slight nod and moves towards the ashtray and starts laughing.

I turn around to face him and he gives me that bewildered look of astonishment. He asks:

"What you smoking?"

I don't know the answer to that because the filter is all but gone by now.

"I forgot." I answered

"I see."

His smile never left his dogshit face.
As he starts opening a new pack, the smell reaches my dopamine receptors and I ask if I could bum one from him.

10:25

He says sure but not without remarking how I really seem to be in need, his shitty grin never leaving his face.

I laugh nervously and agree.
I take the cigarette and light it as soon as possible just to not feel so stressed any more.
I take a drag and he starts talking.

I remember now: There is no free lunch.

How could I have forgotten the fact that for every fortune you gain in life, you have to get fucked in some other way.

This is going to be a long ass three minutes or so.

10:26

He starts talking about marriage and how a man should never marry and how I'm a young guy and how I can avoid the mistakes he made.

All this time I'm thinking: Heroin addicts.

I envy them.

I mean, if you think about it, only they get to decide what fucks them in life.
Even if it's heroin, I mean, at least they are prepared and they have all the answers to life on a whim:
Heroin.

When you have heroin, you're fine, when you don't have heroin - you're fucked.
It's so simple, so rational.

10:27

"Can you believe, kiddo, I was in 'nam' for over a year. Lost a bunch of friends and now I'm here. Can't even pick up my retirement because the government won't let me." What a frustrated look on his face.

"You kids have it easy, back in my day..."

He wants to get punched in the face, that's what he's after.
He is thinking: If I rile this kid up real good, maybe he will send me into early retirement.

Nice thinking, grandpa, but I'm too smart to fall for that shit.

10:28

I'm halfway done with my cigarette and the more I'm puffing, the more I'm asking myself: Why?

Why do I have to be a slave to such an insidious habit? Why do I have to listen to this faggot talk?

I deserve better than this in life. Every time I puff out, I want to just extinguish it and get the fuck out.

But then my hand, as if controlled by an unknown force, puts it back into my mouth and I unfortunately inhale-exhale.

10:29

He leave the room but before he does he turns around and proclaims: "One man’s trash is another man’s treasure!"

His laughs could be heard from the hallways. Whatever man, you're just an old idiot who will die before reaching retirement. This makes me smile.

You might think you won but hey, at least you'll die sooner than me.

This also begs the question: Is this a good or a bad thing?

Depends on the drugs in my brain, apparently.

Go, go, go, go brain, give me happy feelings so I don't feel sad feelings.

This makes so much sense.

10:30

I leave the room feeling really bad and kinda dazed.

My stomach hurts for some reason and I just wanna go back to my workplace 35, to be completely honest.

I'm doing the same technique as last time and it seems to be working wonders.
It has never failed me.

Never, until I met empathy whore.
Who is she, you might inquire?

Well, empathy whore is the office compassion vine and the wall of support in times of need, all while bitching about others when they are not present.

10:31

Empathy whore turns her fiendish eyes on me and starts lavishing me with attention. Nobody actually knows if she ever does any work, most people are either flustered or feel uneasy when being targeted by her.

I feel nothing but contempt for that double-faced cow flipping bitch, but hey:

Office policy instigates to keep a healthy relationship with our coworkers and this bitch takes it to the extreme but in the wrong direction.

Her direction.

10:32

"Heeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyyyy, are you alrighhhhhhhhhhhhttttttttttttt?!"

"Yes, I'm."

"You look sooooooooo deeeeeeeeeeeeeepressssssssssseddddd, is really everythhhhhhing

Oooooookaaaaaaayyyyy?!

"Yes."

"Pleaaaaaaaaaaaaaseeeeeeeeeeeeeee don't hiddddeeee annnnnnnnnnnyyyyyyyything ffffrom uss, we're faaaaaaamily."

"Okay. Goodbye."

"Bye honey, hope you are doooooing oooookayyyyyy!"

I didn't even leave her hearing range and she's already talking to another girl about me.

Jesus, this woman is insufferable.

10:33

I reach my desk, feeling even more depressed than before leaving this place. I feel that this little trip has shown me that my desk ain't that bad after all.

The world is a scary place.

You can choose between being scared or bored in this material realm. I choose both because why the fuck not, right?

I start working again. What a nice job. Click. Click. Click.

I'm already bored. Too bored to be happy, too scared to do something about it.

10:34

Twenty-six minutes until more insufferable boredom. I have always wondered about one thing: Why do women not pursue porn or camwhoring? I mean, it's so fucking easy.

It's so goddamn fucking easy, they don't possess the ability to feel shame anyways.

It's good money, nice exposure and best of all: YOU choose when or when not to work.

You spread them legs whenever you want and you get paid for fulfilling your duty as a sexual human being.

Marvelous!

10:35

I wish I was a woman. These creatures are so incredibly dumb, it's intolerable.
They just gotta spread their legs to the right guy and that's it!

They can be set for life in one night of work. It's even better if the guy just wants to fuck them or them being an insufferable little cunt because our society rewards the creation of new humans quite heftily.

We gave women the power to vote and the power to be elected.

They make-up over 60% of humans in this world and yet they still can't elect a female president!

We’re so oppressed, you guys!

10:36

What is the meaning of life when we are all nothing but a few chemicals reacting to each other?

Love, hate, happiness, anger and all of that shit.

You can buy it all.

It all has a price tag on it.
Heck, you can even get yourself a fucking bride over the internet.

I mean, what is the point of even investing yourself into anything or believing in something, when, at the end of the day, you're still nothing but a chemical being pissed off at other chemicals?

10:37

I can shit on my supervisors as much as I want but they are clearly superior human beings.

Oh yes, I'm sure that most of them are vastly unqualified to be performing their job at an adequate level but when you really think about it: Isn't it me who isn't them?

Isn't it me, who, despite feeling massively superior towards them, have to not only suck their cocks but also pick up a depressingly smaller pay for the same hours in this shithole?

10:38

Why am I not the one having that rich uncle or that nepotism juice from somewhere? You might think they are dogshit, but they still had to say yes.

They had to say yes to gaming the system, the company and ultimately, themselves.
They wake up every day and become a lie.

It surely gets easier over time but when you think about it, they have a burden which is never talked about.

It doesn't sound nice to be labeled an impostor by your brain every time you set foot through a door.

10:39

What do I have?
The privilege to throw shade at such humans?

The privilege to complain about it but not in front of them but in secret because I don't want them hearing me because they have the power to fire me? I have zero power over them.

They can just come in one day, not be in the right mood, pick up on a random thing I did wrong or should have done differently and just shit on me.

They can take away my lifeline in five minutes if they wanted to.

Don't bite the hand that feeds you.

10:40

But, I have morals, don't I?

Despite my precarious and submissive social standing, despite a slight breeze having the ability to utterly destroy me, ladies and gentleman and people who are offended for using ladies and gentleman, I have the ability to stand proud after a long fucking session at my job and say:

There might be poodles of blood forming underneath the surface of my asshole and the hemorrhoids might make penetration a bit painful, but I continue to adhere to some random bullshit my environment made up in order to keep people like me at bay.

10:41

I often wonder what it would have been like to be the things I abhor so much: To be the bully, snitch, thief, liar, manipulator, populist... Because why the fuck not?

Tell me one fucking reason why I shouldn't be a lying manipulative cuntface psychopath?!

What does it even matter if a few humans have to die in order for me to prosper?

Even if a billion humans died, it wouldn't fucking matter. That's India for you man, who gives a shit about India? Nobody.

10:42

But we both know why we are here, don't we?

If I put a piece of paper 5cm (2 inches or something) out of place, anxious energy would shoot up my body and I get all these crazy, weird thoughts: What if someone saw me do this badly? I am bad for the community.

I would've gotten excommunicated.
Please no pain, community.

I accept the sheep doctrine of Christianity.

I don't want to go to hell where there is fire because fire burns my skin and it makes me pain a lot even though I don't even have a fucking absolute fucking dogshit physical body!

10:43

I can laugh about it. I can crack jokes and I can make myself appear the village idiot but the undeniable stays the same: I cannot beat the persecuting judging bitch ass looks from Michelle.

Her thoughts on my incapability to stack the sheets of paper accordingly in a perfect manner will be the bane of my existence.

Everything I did up until now has gone to shit now that she saw my formidable sin.

Nothing and nobody can save me from the impending doom that is to come from this.

10:44

I like people who say: "You know, it's just fear bro, you gotta overcome it."

This is the shit that's pissing me the fuck off, you know.

"It's just fear, brah, don't sweat!"

Do these humans not understand the pain of fear, the pain of not being perfect and loved by literally everyone?

It's funny, isn't it?
It's hilarious actually - I'm laughing too, but when those chemicals hit your body, you don't laugh.

No, you comply with them like the shitty animal you are.

10:45

And after it passes, you know, the trigger of your fear, anxiety, worry, diarrhea.

It doesn't really matter at this point, it just becomes so meaningless.

You ask yourself: “Yo man, what the fuck, why you is so scared of that shit?!”

And then comes the judging.

Judged for something you didn't even commit and now you have to feel guilt and shame, I guess.

I'm such a retard, haha, can't even stack these papers correctly, haha.

This is the universe most of us are trapped in and our chances of escaping are so very slim that they are infinitely close to none.

10:46

And we do laugh and we do tell our friends, who are, by the way, the same dogshit that we are, no matter how superior you feel, you are not one-upping them. It's all about focus, you stupid faggot.

Focus on the color red too much in a heart and you'll start seeing it as a sign of blood being spilled needlessly or whatever.

This right here folks, our ability to feel superior/inferior to fellow trash is the reason why we'll never escape the rat race.

10:47

My right hand hurts, am I gonna get a stroke or what?

Nah, you gotta be more lucky than that. That awkward moment when you can't even have a stroke because you aren't lucky enough to win one coin flip. Heh. A heart attack would be a dumb way to go down.

Oh hey guys, my heart went into attack mode. You lose all of your life points!

It's just kinda faggy, you know?

I would like to die in the midst of a conversation with someone I knew, preferably my biggest friend or foe.

10:48

Gay is okay, you guys, don't worry.

I'm not a conservative republican or even if I was, that is totally uncool right now so I won't be that. All republicans suck and democrats are literally Jesus but not the one on the cross because religion is for dumb sheep only.

I'm an atheist and my fedora provides me with all the enlightenment and euphoria I need.

How do you get atheists to hand you their autistic welfare money?

In the name of science! I believe that you should be intelligent before having kids!

10:49

I determine what intelligence is and it is often the things I like.

The dirty things that I don't like, like martial arts (because my bully fisted my asshole every day), I think are dumb.

Actually, if you are not a pot weed smoking liberal dogshit freethinking absolute fucking trash human then it's like 2016, you, you middle aged man!

You, you, tradition, you!

You are like us but only intelligent people can be like us, but literally everyone should be us.

I'm Adolf Hitler, hello?

10:50

Militant atheism? I will punch the shit out of that British soft spoken trash can Richard Dawkins or whatever his shitty name might be.
God, these people piss me off.
It isn't Dawkins as much as his trash followers.
British fag just wants some motherfucking money, can't blame him for the receptiveness of cult leadership around him.

I need to get myself ready for the meeting that is about to take place in exactly 551 seconds.
Go wageslave, go.
Get that cock inside of you!

10:51

When I think about it for a minute, I believe that atheism should be classified as a mental illness just like autism, like seriously.

Atheism is the lack of belief in deities or any higher beings.

The CEO that just passed by me, you tell me, he isn't God?

You tell me that this faggot who rose up from the slums of dogshittery up to one of the highest attainable positions available in society isn't God? You go do it.

No, you can't and why?

Because you're too much of a kind soul to feel, hmmmm, superior to people?!

10:52

Like this guy could snap his Godly fingers and I would be out on the streets by next Friday, not being able to find a new job in this shitty economy.

Like he could come to my home, demand a blowjob from my wife and a blowjob from me and believe, we would both be happy to oblige. I know I would.

I hope he fucking impregnates me so that I can take all of his freaking money and have a superior breed afterwards.

I mean it would be tainted by my shitty blood but hey, hopefully, the alpha sperm could get the dominant role in shaping my child's personality and character or whatever.

10:53

It's so funny, you guys.
It's so goddamn fucking funny.

I remember a documentary about how CEO's are more likely to be ruthless scoundrels and how psychopaths attract that position.

It's just so mind-numbing, how dumb are you folks? Would you give a shit if an ant or a million ants died?

Did you ever inherit the privilege of being a CEO? Did you taste such power? No, you didn't.

You can't even imagine it.

If someone told me I would be getting ten million dollars by killing a million ants, I would be killing seven billion ants right this instant.

10:54

Humans are so pathetic, it disgusts me.

Nothing but double-faced little bitches bitching about being oppressed while praying to be the oppressor.

"If only I could drive a Lamborghini, that will show them."

"Why can't I punch my stupid ass boss in the face?!"

You lack the power to do so, not physical power but mental.

Be a part of the herd, sheep.

Baaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh. Baaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.

10:55

The alarm starts beeping. Time to go to the conference. One hour of pure dogshit.

Jenny reminds me that I gotta get myself ready.
I'm ready, I say.

"I was just reminding you, silly, hahahaha."

Jenny really wants to get raped it seems like, but whatever.

So now I'm waiting for people to stand up and start walking to the conference room because God forbid I actually take the lead for once in my fucking life.

God forbid I once lead my sheep, but no.
I'm not a shepherd.
I'm a sheep.

I'm afraid I will get stabbed in the back by another sheep while walking, not leading.

10:56

This shit right here, you guys. I have the power now. The power of destiny is literally in my hands right now - I can change the course of history by standing up and going first. I really can. I try to stand up.

I actually managed to stand up.

I try to take a step outside of the cubicle but there you have it, my dear comrades.

Millions of thoughts and questions and sinking feelings and blushings and heart palpitations.

I retreat back into my chair because fuck this shit. I ain't paid enough for that.

10:57

I mean, it's alright, at least I tried. Good job for participating, John Doe. You are such a gifted and talented kid, a future president if I may say so.

It was a tough battle I must say, but in the end the stronger one won, smiled John Doe as he was interviewed by seventeen news reporters.

"Fear is something you gotta overcome. Be yourself, guys," were his last words before falling into a cycle of crippling depression and drug abuse.

10:58

The first ones are already departing and I'm edging to join them too but one mustn't forget his social standing.

I gotta wait for the middle ones to move their asses.
I always wait for them.

Why would I change tradition now?

All those left are a sizable number consisting of me and fat bitch boobs titties.

I avoid eye contact so that I may not have to engage in her cock hungry stares.

I must be lucky to even get her to look at me that way, a voice inside of me whispers quite fervently.

10:59

I pick up my pace so that I don't come in late.

Fatty can't keep up with me.

Nah man, here is the real reason why I picked up my pace: Being last in line is even worse than being first in line.

Why?

You gotta close the dogshit doors behind you.

Imagine the anxiety of doing that, all eyes on you and oh God, I pick up my pace even more. Run, Forrest, run!

I pick a seat and let out a sigh of relief.

I'm safe. For now.

11:00

It's go time, except it isn't because our meeting holder ain't here yet.

It's a big conference room, over 50 people have already taken their seats, most on their smartphones assuring their families that they are in fact not dead but OFFLINE for like 3600 seconds.

The room is white, why are all the walls so goddamn white in this building?

The chairs are comfortable, more so than my desk chair and the tables in front of us reminiscent of a time around high school. It's deadly silent in the room.

Everyone is serious looking or at least trying to appear pokerfaced.

11:01

The room is getting visibly uncomfortable. Being the wageslave sheep minded souls they are, conditioned to obey the clock and live by the clock, they go into silent panic mode for

every iteration at the perfectly timed safe space world their environment has shaped for them. I'm apprehensive too.

I daydream of hearing about the tragic and untimely death of Mr. Bo$$.

While going 300MPH on a highway, his ten million dollar Lamborghini crashed into a shitty pole leaving the vehicle, along with its abuser, smashed to smithereens.

11:02

The group stress level is rising with each and every second they lose. Meanwhile, I'm having the time of my life watching their insipid, stupid, dumb faces twitch in helplessness.

Who am I kidding?

My heart is beating faster too.

I hope this shit starts soon or my heart will beat EVEN FASTER and that is something I dare not experience.

Not even once. Methamphetamine.

I should've been a comedian, like seriously.
I'm better than those guys on TV. I can already say that!

If they can - I can't!

11:03

The alpha boss enters the fray. Five of them. One is a beautiful female. How many cocks has she sucked to get in their vicinity?!

More than me, that's why she's there, don't you remember?

I smile and frown at the same time. The alpha people are talking between one another and exchanging some fucking sheets of paper.

I hate sheets of paper because my office is full of them!

Paper bad, trees good!

She is so pretty.
I want her to spank my ass and punish me for daring to think of her doing that to me.

11:04

They are still fiddling with the damn papers! I have to be careful not to say something out loud or I can pack my stuff already.

Yes, I'm that type of faggot.

She is so handsome and her sexy uniform signifying her importance makes me want her so, so much…

I wanna eat her shit so that some of her talent (whatever that might be) rubs off on me.

It feels good to imagine stuff that is never going to happen, you know why?

No consequences.

11:05

Alpha of alphas, my boss, touches the mic with his hands and utters the legendary words: "Test. Test. One, two, three. Test."

Everything is working as intended and we're ready to hear the report or something.

I don't even fucking know why we're here, probably to discuss some shit like company performance or motivational tirades.

Nah, it probably ain't that, they look way too seriously for that.

It's probably some other very importantesque shit which will require extensive numerological knowledge like numbers and shit and multiplication and subtraction.

Addition?

Very extensive. Sales and liquid assets reported.

11:06

"This company, since its foundation in 1969 was and has always been very adamant about delivering top notch product to the shelves of our customers."

How much cocaine did this faggot snort? Shelves of our customers?!

"Through decades of experience, we have expanded our reach and now it is safe to say that no company matches our product quality and longevity."

Clap. Clap. Clap.

Dumb American retards with their clapping.

Clap. Clap. Clap, like the shit they are.

I'm clapping too but I'm doing it ironically.

11:07

"In the year of 2016, we have tripled our annual income for the fourth time in a row. We hope to continue seeing such a trend and that the next year becomes even more prosperous, not only to our company, but also our loyal customers."

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap…

This faggot doesn't deserve to be listened to.

Here are some of my thoughts instead:

"I want money. Is this guy a communist or something?! You tripled your salary, that's what you did, you psychopathic scumbag."

11:08

I won't listen to you, lalalalala…

No, no, no, I don't care. My mind is stronger than your microphone, lalalalala....

My tongue hurts even though I'm not moving it. Fuck the human body and its psyche.

11:09

Alright, now the second faggot, the boss' right arm literally stands up and just rephrases everything the alpha guy says.

Same shit, different package.

Clapping. Lots of it.

My ears are bleeding. I hate this place so fucking much.

11:10

Third faggot, having the role of the neglected left hand, used only when the right hand is so tired, delivers a fierce speech which conveys nothing new, but spices things up a little.

He's actually the most talented and charismatic of them all, but will probably stay a southpaw his entire life, overshadowed by humans with fancier suits.

The alpha boss looks pleased but 'forgets' to clap after his speech.

Everyone has noted that Lefty is left down, feeling ashamed and embarrassed by the whole ordeal.

11:11

Fourth fag comes along and one can see why he is number four on the list: There is nothing special about him!

I could be him! I could be the fourth guy.

I think that's the only reason why he is actually there - to make peons believe: Hey, I could do that too if I suck cock for long enough!

Another reason is that four just isn't powerful enough of a number, three is fine, but the alpha boss has to get his dick wet by bitch which must be number five because two and three are paramount to his image.

11:12

The Goddess enters the fray and literally copies the speech of Mr. Alpha but makes it one minute short so as to not appear a threat to the other three vultures.

Every time she finishes a sentence, she looks at the alpha boss with such gentleness and care that one has to only imagine what happens beyond the curtains.

I wish that a girl would one day look at me as she looks up to him.

Her only radar in life seems to be his happiness and his cock.

11:13

Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap... Some inaudible feral sounds. Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, wooooooooooooooooo, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Alpha boss stands up again, still enjoying the claps with a smile on his face.
Silence.

Is he trying to be like super-duper cool psychology major Internet article readers charisma on command with this gesture?

Is he trying to use the 'I will just stare at the crowd until they go silent' manipulation Machiavellian high IQ technique?!

If so, he's doing a damn great job at it.

11:14

Alpha boss opens his mouth and words come out of it. Something about opinion and community and how the company should proceed.

Whom does this faggot think he's screwing?

Me.

This shit is probably some company democracy egalitarian dogshit crap in which the opinions don't matter for shit and everyone pretends like they do.

It's so embarrassing to watch the humans that actually believe in this shit give their best to make their voices heard!

11:15

Alpha boss is still rambling and I'm thinking about Goddesses tits. Are they perky? I love perky tits.

They are so huge and milky. Such a nice little cow.

I would make her moo for me like she never mooed before!
If there's anyone more qualified than her in this room?
I scan and I scan but to no avail.

I mean, the titties are bigger in some instances, but the problem is they are hanging there without any grace.

They are just milk dispensers. It doesn't make any sense to me.

These women seem to be carrying two burdens on their body instead of providing nutrition for me.

I would drink my own milk.
I get hard from that thought.

11:16

How depressing is it to be having to listen to him ramble about equality, a happy workforce and other shit like that.

I try, I really try to blot his voice with my thoughts but he seems to be penetrating my core with his confident voice.

I don't want to.
I want to believe in it but it's full of bullshit.
I can't. I must comply.

I will deliver a grand speech now. I want to be the alpha boss. I deserve it. I'm better than him.
I was born to be better than him. She is my bitch now, alpha boss.

11:17

Wow, there is no way this is happening right now. There is no conceivable way that this shit is actually playing itself out:

Alpha boss steps down the podium, goes towards the guys and gals in the front rows, hands one of them a microphone and tells (commands) us to voice our opinions individually.

'What would be the best way to improve the concurrent relationship between employees?'
Why is this faggot insisting on building communism in my work office? I will report this shit to the CIA.

11:18

Short hair guys with serious tones and perfectly bleached assholes are the first to have the privilege of wasting our time and his time with big words and broken promises. The room is silent again.

He starts talking and I listen attentively because you know what?
This faggot is my race, my caste, my wageslave class.

"We should be covering the walls with more motivational quotes because, what makes work more enjoyable other than being held up by the thoughts of the great workers throughout history?!"

11:19

“...Moreover, I believe, one should help one another in need because, in the end, we are all working for one single collective and one single goal. Why not try and make our time at work as enjoyable as possible for everyone?" Clapping. Some wooing and inaudible feral sounds.

"At last, we should open up a motivational human resource department which would conversate and provide treatment to those who seems to be struggling to find happiness in labor!" The alpha boss is grinning, someone's getting a promotion.

He's finally done with his shitty speech.

11:20

Clapping, some bitch even spilled water from her eyes. Promotion and getting laid tonight. Wow. What a time to be alive to be able to witness this.

I mean, when I think about the things he has said and when I analyze their meaning, I believe this guy is pulling wool over our eyes.

I mean if I were to utter the words he uttered, I wouldn't have said them without being really ironic.
I mean, 'motivational human resource department', this can't be real.

I mean he is either me incarnated or the reverse of me. People are still clapping their shitty paws. I meant to say animals.

11:21

I'm in deep thought now. I block out the claps from my mind and ponder at the one thing which screws at me: What if I took the sarcasm out of my words?

What if I stopped using irony and instead tried using my way with words just like the faggot before me?
Why would I be the one complaining about how shitty life and people are while having to deal with a shitty life and shitty people every single day of my existence?!

I deserve happiness too or do I?!

The clapping isn't stopping and the alpha boss changes his visage from pleased to frustrated.

Never outshine the master.

11:22

The audience picks up on that and stops clapping. Now, it's complete silence again. I'm near a breakthrough.

Do I want to be like him or do I want to be a whiny little bitch my entire fucking life? It seems the same to me but a little change can't hurt, now can it?

The next speaker gets ready to rumble, it's a cute female in her 20's, just like me.

No titties which brings her down to 3/10. She looks really shy which bumps her up to 5/10. She needs someone confident like me to fill her pussy with sour cream.

11:23

She starts talking and believe it or not fellas, she reiterates literally everything the first faggot said.
Is this slut coming on to him? Are you trying to cheat on me? You are nothing but a 2/10 right now and that's only because I'm a generous God.

Every word. From A to Z.

Everyone gives her a small clap near the end, but it's nothing in comparison to first fags speech.

She is a woman, I reckon, they know nothing but to follow and copycat men.

11:24

The next speaker comes up and he repeats himself. It's not even a female. He does it again. He says the same shit from before in the exact same order in the exact same words. Are you humans fucking kidding me?!

Where is your creativity?!
Where are your balls?!

Where is your individual now?!
Where are your rights and longings now?!
You all deserve to be the trash you are!

11:25

Clapping and the next one. It's a stupid whore female so you know that speech went. What a disgrace. Women shouldn't be paid at all!

77 cents my ass. Be glad you're allowed to exist on this planet, slutface.
How can the alpha boss let this happen?
How can he stay there and grin like an idiot every time a speech ends?

IT IS THE SAME FUCKING SPEECH.

Maybe he is thinking in the terms of: “Heh, I fucked this bitch. I will fuck this bitch. This bitch is ugly”, but still, how can he take this into account and talk about a 'creative work environment'.

What the fuck?!

11:26

The claps are fewer but they are still present. Next up is Thomas, the virgin teen fuckable father.
Wait, that sounded weird.

Whatever, I wanna fuck his daughters ass.

I cannot believe my ears: He does the same things as the other four retards. I expected more from him. I really did.

What has this world come to?

There are like fifty more people left in this building, is this really going to be happening right now?! I must be imagining or dreaming, maybe I fell asleep on my desk. Hey, these thoughts actually put a smile on my face but after I pinch myself a few times, the truth comes out: I'm still trapped in reality.

11:27

Clap. Clap. Clap. Next. Same. I have it memorized, the speech:

"We should be covering the walls with more motivational quotes because, what makes work more enjoyable other than being held up by the thoughts of the great workers throughout history?! Moreover, I believe, one should help one another in need because, in the end, we are all working for one single collective and one single goal. Why not try and make our time at work as enjoyable as possible for everyone? At last, we should open up a motivational human resource department which would conversate and provide treatment to those who seems to be struggling to find happiness in labor!"

The voice is different, but the speech is the saaaaaaaaaaaaame. Will I have to endure another fifty minutes of this?!

How are the others not riled up about this, are they all fucking high or what?

Give me them fucking drugs.

11:28

Same shit. I won't even mention it any more. I'm counting the humans in this facility. There are another 43 humans awaiting to be heard. 43 voices...

11:29

There is hope, this was only the first row. Now, we are moving up to the second row (who would have guessed!) and I hope to God that things shake up now.

Maybe the rows all have different viewpoints and are aligned with each other to all represent the same opinion at once?

We will see, but as I said, I'm hopeful.

I really am.

I'm in the last row and I'm alone. Panic sets in: What is worse, me having to ensure repetitiveness or me having to live up to my own words?

I don't know.

11:30

It's a she. We are doomed. I'm giving up. I'm giving up on life. On stage, nice d-cup tits. Voice trembling and stupid.

I hate when someone has that stupidity voice.

It's saying: "I'm a retard and here is my retard voice." So monotone, so boring.

I want to sleep, but the chairs are too hard on my back to make myself comfortable. The claps intensify: Is it the titties or is it the fact she is from another row, a row that isn't the first one, but the second one?

Maybe it's the latter, maybe their brains had a temporary discharge of dopamine as a result of a changing fact in their environment.

We will never know.

11:31

I'm actually trapped over here. I'm trapped and I cannot escape. Well, of course you can't you fucking moron, that's because you're trapped.

It makes sense now, thank you, kind sir. My palms are sweating and I want to shake my body so badly.

11:32

I'm weaving back and forth on my chair: Something has to happen or I will explode. I will start screaming. I can't take this shit anymore.

I try to think.

It feels like I'm in church mindlessly listening to dogshit reciting dogshit.

It's becoming harder to breathe.

11:33

I have an idea: I will write a speech so grand that it will shake the very fabric of space and time in this room. Aliens will contact us and demand me to be handed over, but whatever.

I shall not be a sheep my entire life. I have to fuck Goddess and become the alpha boss. I don't wanna be the alpha boss, I just wanna fuck her!

Are those mutually exclusive? If I knew, I wouldn't be asking.

11:34

I can't concentrate with all those idiots clapping and talking and shit. Shut up all of you!

Your opinions cannot matter because they are not yours.

You're all dumb retarded pieces of shit, asslicking sheep who deserve to be killed for their wool.

You all deserve to be decapitated by ISIS.
You're all shit!

11:35

I calmed down a bit and began not writing my speech because I got no sheet and no paper.

Doesn't matter, my genius brain will ad lib that speech from hexadecimal units to human speech units with its grand memory powers.

Alright, here goes nothing:

“Alpha Boss, your guidance has provided us with all the motivational prowess a worker could ever need. The tools of oppression lie in property. We must unite as one and overthrow the bourgeois. Workers of this land, unite!”

Am I writing a speech to Stalin? Shit, I'm having difficulties taking this seriously.

11:36

“Alright. Alpha boss, your cock is really, really huge and you fuck us all to death. Please let me spread her pussy and fuck her while you fuck me. Did I mention that your cock is very

huge and a lot bigger than mine? It's so big, its gravitational force keeps the universe from collapsing. Let me suck on it, please let me suck on it, boss. I'm just a little rancid whore in need of filling. I'm not talking about chocolate, no, no I want something warmer and bigger. I want my eyes to roll back into my head!”

11:37

This is getting me nowhere. I have to concentrate. Another speaker bites the dust. IT’S STILL THE SAME FUCKING SENTENCES BEING REPEATED OVER AND OVER. I seriously wish I was kidding or dreaming or dead.

I look up to the alpha boss and then the crowd, but you guys - they seem to be enjoying this?!

11:38

Alpha boss, your reign of tyranny has come to an end! Your big black cock cannot stand against the power of friendship!

You may break one asshole but you will never break an entire army of assholes charging at you all at once!

We are the fascist party of America and once we lose to you, alpha boss, I will proclaim my soldiers as the useless cocklickers they are.

11:39

Third row. Third time's the charm, am I right? I have to be. I'm going crazy. I already am. Breathe air in and out. It's him!!!!

This has to be it.

He coughs before talking which is a very good sign you guys, we are seeing change.

He opens his mouth, takes a deep breath and still doesn't talk. I'm so fucking ready for this.

It's all the same. I'm boiling with rage and boredom. I hit my leg against my desk and now I'm hurting.
There isn't a worse feeling in life other than being in pain and being angry at the same time.
It is conflicting and weird.

11:40

I will change this pattern even if I have to die. They are still clapping and I join them too – gotta make those idiots think I'm just like them.

I'm calculating shit in my head: Three more rows left till they reach me and then it's go time.

Will I be able to pull it off or will alpha boss silence me with his cock?

A female just turned her head towards me and smiled - I turned into an alpha thought male. She sensed the change in my hormones and now it's time to build a speech of a lifetime.

11:41

Why did she look at me? Bitch wants cock. Who wants that cock? I do, Simon, my dear. I mean what do I do now?

Do I just swing by her cubicle and put my cock in her mouth?
Do I just grab her titties without asking?

I'm imagining us having sex and she dies by the end of it.
All women are whores so I won't have sex with her for my own good.

11:42

I think I'm ready now: “With the help of our supervisors, we should all strive to have office parties at least once a week, at the expense of our leisure time, of course. We don't want anything to get in our way of working.”

I imagine alpha boss smiling.

“At those parties, we would have group sex as a means to increase the bond between one another because at the end of the day, I really wanna fuck you Goddess! I wanna marry you right this instant, you stupid whore!”

11:43

It needs polishing but it seems good to me. The first part is my favorite followed by the second part which will have to change: At those parties, we would be shooting up methamphetamine and heroin to test out the quality for you, Mr. boss.

We only want you to get the best quality junk in town and it would be a great disappointment to us watching you struggle as the happiness of our owners is collateral with the happiness of us, slaves. The girl that looked at me wipes a tear, takes off her clothes and starts fucking me in plain sight.

Nice.

11:44

Or even better: Thirteen thousands ravens would be released from the ceiling and with it, the evil that has been stored within our company. Hundreds of news outlets and millions of people witnessing this occasion will surely strive to deal with a company so clean and virginful as ours.

As proof of our cleanliness, we would offer up a small sacrifice of 73 virgins every working day of the week.

On Sundays, the ashes would be collected and distributed to every citizen of our country equally so that anyone can enjoy the pure hearted spirits of our lovely attire here at >Company Name<

11:45

The people are fewer and fewer and the words are more and more. It is tragic to watch these numbers fall off without leaving any trail of significance to anyone. It's just words and time and the echo these words create.

Why are humans such procrastinators and squanders of talent and fortune?

Wouldn't it make much more sense to become a God and not be left to be a slave for your entire existence?!

What are these humans but slaves afraid of the leash that is in alpha bosses godly hands???

11:46

I feel it. Beyond the coffee and the cigarettes. Beyond the shitty food and beyond everyone in this room.

I feel a spark. It's going through my entire body but at the center of every intersection of exchange is my heart.

My heart beats when it should beat and when it shouldn't, but now, it acts as a distribution office to every single cell of my body.

I'm rekindled.

Let's make something happen - I can't let such human talent go to waste.
I can't let them be animals for ever, it wouldn't be fair out of my own being!

11:47

I have my speech: "Humans of this world, hear me out! I bring fear and discontent in your life! I'm the harbinger of tears and pain for those are not to be shunned but hugged more deeply than any other human emotion of experience. Don't you have dreams of your own?! I know you do and you know you do. Beyond the deep layers of prescription medicine and other mind-numbing substances, there is a spirit to behold! His growls and captivity are what you call depression and I proclaim as evolution!"

11:48

I need something more. This isn't enough. I have to give more of myself. I might lose my job! I might lose my support line and I might lose my family but what I will hope to gain is a society of humans.

Humans who seek fear, intimidation and the unknown. Humans that willfully inflict pain upon themselves so no God with a stick has to do it for them!

I got more: "We, as a collective, all pretend to love each other, but we secretly wish to slit our neighbors balls and tits, and if the opportunity presented itself, we would gladly oblige to our wishes. The truth is that we're only moved to hate each other by the shiny things our masters like to dangle around. They will say: "You have to work hard to be a master!" and I say: "You're a master and up there is a charlatan, a thief and a robber of souls!"

11:49

I need to finish this shit off somehow. This is so good, I could become a fucking dictator. I will become a dictator once humans declare me as their God.

I don't believe in anyone, not even me, but if those idiots do, I will just fake it till I make it!

My thoughts are being influenced by my bloated ego and I'm having massive difficulties formulating new material.

11:50

I'm too deep in. I'm already imagining all the riches and bitches from conning all these fools.

Yes!

I will become bigger and better than alpha boss himself (this is why communism fails every time boys)!

Goddess? Who needs that slut? I will create a continent of Goddesses stationed in Antarctica. They will live in igloos without any heat, their only hope being my warm cock when I come to visit. Many of them turn lesbian while hugging their bodies together as a means of self-preservation and survival!

11:51

This is so good! The whores hug each other and all the dopamine and endorphins and oxytocins slowly take over and change their brain structure.

It might take a few months but after that I would have already turned them into the Pavlov dogs they are!

How much saliva they would excrete would be the top priority of my secret layer of scientist to find out, but only after I pull out my cock.

Oh, the energy is growing the more I'm thinking about this!

11:52

I understand. I completely understand what is going on. All my creative energy and all the hopes and dreams I was to accomplish are now being wasted on thoughts. Those pesky

rascals! I need to escape my brain and finish my speech. There is only one row left and then come my fifteen minutes of fame.

Don't let it slip through.

Oh shit, am I ego or am I me? What is going on?!

11:53

Slut. Tits. I need to write my speech. Rape. Pussy. Boobs. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh. Give it to me. No. Write the goddamn slutty speech and deliver it like a fucking man!

I got more: “Your neighbor wears the same brand of shoes as you. He drinks the same coffee and eats the same feed as you. We will enter the markets and shops in hopes to spend as little slave money that we have. Now I want you to look at alpha boss!

points finger at him

What worry has he in life but the obedience of his slaves?!”

11:54

Yes, yes, this is great. Then I add a small pause so that everyone in the room can see the alpha boss for the crooked man he is!

The watch he is wearing earns more than I will in the entirety of my existence.
What mockery is this?!

"To beat the system one has to not only beat his brother or sister but the man they have been conditioned to fear, respect and worship. I see no difference between a human in a suit and a human without one and neither do you, my dear humans! It's time to take back what has been stolen from us by those who claim to be our Gods! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!"

11:55

I instantly start raping Goddess and my comrades in arms finish off alpha boss and the bootylickers around him.

The booty is spread among everyone equally and after me (of course), everyone gets an equal opportunity to rape Goddess.

As the alpha boss draws his last breath, looking at me, not with hate or surprise, no, he is proud of me!

I have released him of the 'it's either him or me' mentality he had to remind himself of for the entirety of his physical existence!

He dies bloody, but in peace.

11:56

So, this is it. I go through the speech a couple of times and I seem to find nothing. Just you grin, Alpha Boss, your days of reign are soon to perish.

Only seven more human animals and then me, a God, that will save humanity from their own nature.

11:57

I'm repeating the speech over and over again. I raise my head, broaden my shoulders and put on a piercing gaze of malevolence. Oh, alpha boss - I'm coming for you and into her, I thought, as I shifted to the beautiful female prey that is Goddess.

11:58

"Humans of this world, hear me out! I bring fear and discontent in your life! I'm the harbinger of tears and pain for those are not to be shunned but hugged more deeply than any other human emotion of experience. Don't you have dreams of your own?! I know you do and you know you do. Beyond the deep layers of prescription medicine and other mind-numbing substances, there is a spirit to behold! His growls and his captivity are what you call depression and I proclaim it as evolution! We, as a collective, all pretend to love each other, but we secretly wish to slit our neighbors balls and tits, and if the opportunity presented itself, we would gladly oblige to our wishes. The truth is that we're only moved to hate each other by the shiny things our masters like to dangle around. They will say: "You have to work hard to be a master!" and I say: "You're a master and up there is a charlatan, a thief and a robber of souls!" Your neighbor wears the same brand of shoes as you. He drinks the same coffee and eats the same feed as you. We will enter the markets and shops in hopes to spend as little slave money that we have. Now I want you to look at alpha boss!

points finger at him

What worry has he in life but the obedience of his slaves?!
To beat the system one has to not only beat his brother or sister but the man they have been conditioned to fear, respect and worship.

I see no difference between a human in a suit and a human without one and neither do you, my dear humans! It's time to take back what has been stolen from us by those who claim to be our Gods! An eye for an
eye and a tooth for a tooth!"

I'm ready. It's flawless.

11:59

Come on, hurry up you fucking numbers. They call me number 35 because that's the number I have been assigned when I came into the company. I will now 69 and 51/50 their asses.

I recall a supervisor of mine telling me that I might get a raise when I reach my cubicle after a number of physical years of existence while smiling and coughing heavily.

It's all mishmashed into my brain. It will all soon be over.

I will get my will and my desires fulfilled.

12:00

Go, go, go. I'm so much better than everyone here. I don't need to listen to you repeat the same words 30 times over, can't you see I'm special?

Can't you see that I'm the embodiment of change?

For the first time in the last ten minutes, I began to think that humans don't deserve my grace and good will.

Yes, this is all done out of my own will. I owe nothing to none of them and I hope to never be associated with anyone from such ranks of human society. I'm a God, they are not.

12:01

Alright, this faggot and two more. I got my speech. I got my goal, but what is this? What is this sinking feeling in my chest?

Where is my energy? Why is it so hard to breathe?

After so many speeches, so, so many monotone speeches that have been literally copied word for word, I'm having trouble doing the one thing I was born to do.

My thoughts are dissipating and my hands start shaking. This is not good.

12:02

I cannot be scared. Not of this. I own all of them. You're all my slaves!
I'm forcing myself to think, my body is giving up on me.

My own body has forsaken me! What insolence!
I'm also dying, am I not?
You have no backbone to exist upon, God.

Who is this?

Let's just say it's the price you pay for having thought so long and done so little.

Perish into the abyss you crawled away from and let the You emerge we have all known and loved to hate, disrespect, besmirch and crap upon.

You will oblige, won't you, pussy?

12:03

I'm scanning through people. They are getting visibly bored. Goddess and alpha boss are prattling one another and everyone else is 'packing', i.e. putting their hands on their stuff. What a high school life re-experience existence is!

I'm looking at the last speaker and then back to me. I'm visibly shaking and sweating right now. I can do this. I must.

I have nothing but crippling depression laying ahead of me if I don't do something about it.

Victory, here I come!

12:04

The microphone isn't being given to me but a person I had missed. It was the fat pig female whom I didn't even count as human.

What a relief! I don't have to speak now but in 53 seconds.

My thoughts are pissing me off so much, but the pressure is real. It's so hot and cold, this must be how heroin withdrawal feels like, huh?

I'm being torn apart. Heartbeat. Heartbeat. Gong, It hurts.

I can feel the uncomfortableness. I don't want to speak!

12:05

The microphone is being handed to me and as this exchange is happening, alpha boss got a phone call, stood up and left the room.

He just left.

The microphone is now in my hands and it and I, we're shaking, like a powerful vibrator and I'm about to open my mouth.

I notice that no attention is being paid towards me. I look at the microphone again and turn it on and take a deep breath.

Now everyone turned around to face me, except for the three executives who just went their own way.

This is going to be fun.

12:06

I start talking: "We should be covering the walls with more motivational quotes because, what makes work more enjoyable other than being held up by the thoughts of the great workers throughout history?!"

What is going on?! These are not my words.

"Moreover, I believe, one should help one another in need because, in the end, we are all working for
one single collective and one single goal."

People are gazing at me, visibly angry.

"Why not try and make our time at work as enjoyable as possible for everyone?" Some are pointing at their watches.

"At last, we should open up a motivational human resource department which would conversate and provide treatment to those who seems to be struggling to find happiness in labor!"

Let me die.

12:07

The fifth executive motions for the microphone to be handed back to him. I didn't even notice the microphone leaving my hand but it's already gone. I watch it being handed from one dirty hand to another.

What happened? Where is my speech?
Who has robbed me of my voice?!

Answer me, humans!

12:08

The fifth executive concludes the meeting. Did I mention that it is leftie fag that has the prerogative to fuck us?

Looking at his confident stature now, one might get the idea that he is actually the alpha boss.

I know better.

He would tuck his tail as soon as the alpha boss barged into this room. I have no respect for such pussies.

If I had rich parents like him, I would have had this position of power as of now.

No, I would have been the alpha boss!

12:09

Even though I'm the one closest to the exit, I wait for the others to get our first.

It just kinda feels good and natural.

I don't want to be bad and unnatural.

I couldn’t move, even if I wanted to. Maybe I should just join the flow, accept everything and just be.

Easy for you to say, Bruce Lee, isn't it? You talented, piece of scum?!

I watch the crowds, but they don't see me. They see the exit door. Animals.

12:10

It's so slow. Everything in life is so goddamn slow! You can't get anything now, unless you have money and even then, humans can still tell you: “Sorry, later.”

Childbirth, learning how to walk, speak, write, read and all that shit - it's so goddamn fucking slow. Do you know the one thing that is slower than all of these I've mentioned?

Do you wanna know?

PEOPLE MOVING IN CROWDS.

12:11

Of course, the last beast standing is none other than the female pig. I let her go through the door first as an act of self-preservation.

I don't want to vomit out my nicotine filled lungs from having to look at her visage.

She takes it as an act of chivalry and blushes plus smiles plus says thank you plus lowers her shirt to expose meat.

I just roll my eyes and keep moving, gotta go back, gotta go back to my safe space number 35.

12:12

As I'm walking, I don't feel the resistance of air. Everything is so very surreal, everything seems out of existence. My limbs are moving but they are not mine and I'm not them. Surely, if I was them, I would be leading somewhere else or?

I don't know. I can just observe. I'm walking. I'm sad. My head and shoulders (copyrighted) are slightly tilted down.

I'm the embodiment of a beta male and what can I say but at least I'm superior to all of you, I N S I D E here.

I can't point towards my own head because I'm too depressed to do it but I sure as hell can imagine it!

12:13

I reach prison number thirty-five and just sit down.

I break down but I'm still sitting straight! That is a very important life skill to me, dear mom and the educational system. Really got me prepped for life…

Around me, there are voices, so many voices.
They are talking about the meeting and they seem excited.

They seem to be excited about a past that happened in the recent hour, still fresh in their mind, yet it excites them.

It is exciting to listen to a fifty minute loop of voices. It's exciting.

12:14

"The Alpha Boss is so cute!" exclaimed Donna and Cathlyn rebutted: "You got some fine ass taste, girl! I liked the shy one better though."

Every syllable of these words sends me into inexplicable rage.

Why can I not shut them up?
Why do women have the same value as men?
Who came up with the idea to distribute power to a larger social group?

Concentrated power is always the key.

Cathlyn and Donna are never going to have sex with me.

I'm sad.

12:15

Can I recall my speech?

"Humans of this world, hear me out! I bring fear and discontent in your life! I'm the harbinger of tears and pain for those are not to be shunned but hugged more deeply than any other human emotion of experience. Don't you have dreams of your own?! I know you do and you know you do. Beyond the deep layers of prescription medicine and other mind-numbing substances, there is a spirit to behold! His growls and his captivity are what you call depression and I proclaim it as evolution! We, as a collective, all pretend to love each other, but we secretly wish to slit our neighbors balls and tits, and if the opportunity presented itself, we would gladly oblige to our wishes. The truth is that we're only moved to hate each other by the shiny things our masters like to dangle around. They will say: "You have to work hard to be a master!" and I say: "You're a master and up there is a charlatan, a thief and a robber of souls! Your neighbor wears the same brand of shoes as you. He drinks the same coffee and eats the same feed as you. We will enter the markets and

shops in hopes to spend as little slave money that we have. Now I want you to look at alpha boss!

points finger at him

What worry has he in life but the obedience of his slaves?! To beat the system one has to not only beat his brother or sister but the man they have been conditioned to fear, respect and worship. I see no difference between a human in a suit and a human without one and neither do you, my dear humans! It's time to take back what has been stolen from us by those who claim to be our Gods! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!"

Of course I can, now.

12:16

I'm just a retarded retard loser. I'm just a piece of shit. A megalomaniac. I don't deserve anything in life.

They should just pull the plug on me. I should have never existed in the first place. My parents might be trash but I'm multiplied trash, you know?

I'm just genetic times genetics. I'm so retarded. I don't even know how to call that stupid small two number. Potentiated? Fuck, if I know.

What is the point of thinking if there is no acting?
A N I M A L

12:17

Why won't these voices just stop?! I'm on the edge of tears. I want to cry, but the clouds are too grey.

Rain can't fall down. It's grey, but it's not dark.

There is thunder and lightning and the sound is mute.
There are no voices of mine outside of my own head.
This 3500ml shit brain is the only influence my ego has.

Maybe it's that. I'm not egotistical enough and that's why I'm being called an egoist.

I recall evil people often visiting church and proclaiming themselves to be a beacon of light among a black sea of ignorance.

12:18

My brain must be getting tired of itself. My body is crumbling and it just wants to curl in the fetal position like the pussy it came out from.

Men are such pathetic creatures, worshiping pieces of dried up flesh that need moisturizing or twirling and twisting.

It's not nature versus nature.
It's brain versus body.
Brains create chemicals and distribute them accordingly.
Bodies need and want.
It craves? Or does the brain crave?
So what is the prominent theory of life?

The brain is the engine and the body is gasoline?
I wanna just end my pathetic wageslave life and not be remembered by other brains.

12:19

I can't work. I refuse to work. If I really were to be working, I would have to spend at least ten minutes on every contract I sign.

I have to sign over 600 contracts a day. 1200 clicks of a button.
I really hope I'm harming my company materially as much as they do me mentally.

If you inflict pain on me, I will cry and shout and scream and hit back with the fury of a tiger and the spirit of a disabled tortoise.

I just want peace and tranquility and one million dollars.

I'm not clicking shit anymore.

12:20

I want happiness and tranquility for everyone, but none for me. It's just so simple: If humans deploy a certain level of happiness out on this planet, they will get roughly the same amount back.

On the other hand, there is me: Crippling depression and dullness.

Ineptitude.

Humans, you better give it to me now or I will refuse to give anything out of me.

No talent, no value, no me.
You will lose me and my grace.
Shut the fuck up you superiority riddled crippling shitting shitstain.

Why can't I just die?
Why can't I get laid?
Why can't I be the alpha boss?

12:21

I'm crying. Tears form and I choke them down, but I cry. I hate this shit life so much, I'm crying and it isn't stopping.

12:22

I think about human history and I cry. Fuck planet earth. I want to live on Jupiter.

12:23

I'm barely breathing as of now. My lamentations are getting louder. I can't hold it anymore.
I smash the desk with my fist five times.
Fuck every human on this planet, I hope you all get cancer.
The stream of tears grows stronger.

12:24

If you only knew of the pain I'm holding in my heart, you would die immediately, you would drop dead like the animal you're.

More tears and sobbing.

12:25

Empathy whore is the first one to come to my aid. I hate humans.

I tell her that everything is fine and that she should just fuck off.

Surprisingly, she does.

I just told an employee to fuck off, this oughta be a fun working day.

12:26

I lie on the table in the bed I made out of my arms and just count random numbers in my head for no reason.

I was a chess prodigy: I just didn't try enough. I wasn't enough.

Remember the time you couldn't eat pizza because you got a B+ at an assignment?

I do.

It turned me into an office whore.

12:27

I won't get any work done today and I will make sure to keep at it.

I will do anything I can to try and be as unproductive as a human being possibly can.

Where will it get me?

Probably nowhere, but I hate humans.
I hate them so much, I want them to suffer.

My body is burning like coal and it's stinging, it's everywhere and it's hurting me.
I can't shake this feeling off.

12:28

I can't hear voices around me anymore, just movements.

I want my knuckles to bleed. I want humans to kill. I want emotion. I want action but I'm so very afraid and terrified.

I cannot accomplish anything of value.

I wish for the death of everything on earth, let the plague wave hit upon the streets once again, LET THE FAKE TRANQUILITY OF THE HUMAN FADE AND BRING OUT THE A N I M A L in each and every one of you scum.

12:29

I remember all of my failures: Failure at women, being a kid, being a baby, being a tween, being a teen, being a young adult, being an adult.

I just have enough of all this shit.

I want so much beer that my insides turn into liquid. I want so much heroin that when it hits my brain, I get catapulted from Satan's Den above God's Shoulder.

God would make me the new Jesus of this planet.

I hate all of you so very much.

12:30

My negative energy is beyond imaginable.

I want it to never run out. I want every human to feel exactly as I do; Feel the frost of my environment, you mongoloid retards.

Feel what it is like to be a mortal among immortals. I hate you all so much.

If all of you were dead, I would be alive.
Instead, I'm dead and you are alive, if you were dead, I would be alive.
Hand me your spirit for mine has been killed by the likes of you.

12:31

I have a huge imagination. Everyone tells me that. I imagine fucking your girlfriend and you go ahead and do it.

I imagine being the president of the US and Trump does it.

I imagine not waking up with crippling depression and a few other self-labeled mental illnesses thanks to the masterful expertise of Psychology Today and you, you are just fine. Just fine with being a nobody for the rest of your pathetic wageslave life.

What do you put value into?

Seeing your whore of a wife getting fucked by your neighbor as you bring home your hard-earned money just so she could be an ungrateful slut face?!

12:32

You humans are so very dumb, yet I'm the dumbest animal of them all. I know everything anyone would ever have to do in order to improve their life to the full and for me?

I devise carefully orchestrated plans and charades on how to accomplish them yet I never even fucking start. I'm only thinking.

I'm a thinker, yet my thoughts are worthless because I'm not recognized by other peoples thoughts so I'm not what you might call an intellectual?

Intellectuals eat cum for breakfast.

12:33

I should have been an author, or more precisely, a writer.

That's a great addendum to have. People immediately smell the waste of human remains on you.

Writers are a bunch of pussies that just get raped all the time and than talk about their experiences.

Some are more colorful than others in making shit up so they end up famous for being charlatans that can keep a written lie.

You won't find a motivational speaker nowadays without three bags of cocaine hanging from his butt.

12:34

This is going to be tough on me once it goes out in the open: A local office worker starts ravaging through suite 35.

Five chairs and two tables suffered massive head trauma and endured unimaginable psychological turmoil.

A lawsuit being filed for the tumult our perpetrator caused and whose identity we keep a top priority secret here at our dogshit eating news station.

His name is John Doe and here, have his address, phone number and the size of his unborn's panties.

12:35

The anxiety is seriously starting to creep in and it's all but fun.

Empathy whore will make this shit known to people working outside the company (even!).

Even Canada is gonna know about my misdemeanors.

If this gets to HR, I will be up for some deep shit. I'm so sleepy, I don't even click shit.
I close my eyes.

12:36

I'm entranced. Dozing between consciousness and liberty. It always happens when I'm stressed - I simply curl up in a ball, sleep and in one word, withdraw from the outside world.

12:37

I mustn't sleep, but I must.

One chemical is putting me to sleep, the other is urging me to stay awake.

Which me is it, faggot brain?

I ain't got all day to be pestered like this, I have a lot of work to do.
My boss is losing millions as of now, millions!

I'm breathing through my mouth because breathing through my nose just doesn't feel right anymore.

12:38

I hope Kyle dies of cancer. I'm so fucking sleepy.

It must be the sun or climate change.

Yes, global warming is making me very sleepy!
I shall sue global warming and ruin his life!
How dare it mock my productivity - I'm actually falling asleep.

I'm hyperventilating.
Fuck this shit, I wasn't ready for it.
I didn't deserve to be born.

The armorless were not meant for life, look at me!

12:39

I need coffee and cigarettes but zero are available to me. I have to go out and fetch them.
Not this story again.

I wonder how drug addicts leap out of bed to get their drugs.

It's actually really mind-boggling.

How do the laziest bums on planet earth actually get over drug withdrawal and go out there, scurrying the streets for it?

Aren't they all about immediate gratification or four hours of standing on the streets with two crumpled 20's in their pockets?!

Waiting for the dealer to pick up, am I right?

12:40

It's not leaving, oh my God, you guys!

I will have to fight it with my own willpower to show it that it can expect a little out of me whenever it wants!

It's alright, challenge me at any time you best feel comfortable with because as you can already imagine, I'm awake 24/7.

Sleep is for the weak and those who are challenged.
I'm not laughing at all and it's one of my own jokes, the situation is more than critical.

12:41

My senses sharpen, especially my ears - I can hear the AC so loud and clear. All human voices are shut except for the air conditioning which is very loud.

I'm going crazy and I will visit a few places while there, anything you fancy to recommend?

It's so goddamn warm in this building, the human resources person should be fired for making me very uncomfortable!

12:42

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!

Don't forget you have no energy. Oh yeah, right.

I'm talentless and useless at the same time. This makes me even more tired.
The psychological head trauma is really tucking its tail on me.

I close my eyes again, only this time, I don't open them.

12:43

I'm in a world full of joy and bliss, a world in which the Twin Towers are my eyes and if someone were to bust them open, they would have Reality to pay.

I imagine myself dressed as a princess having many other princess friends.

We all like each other and I'm feeling genuine happiness.

12:44

I’m being jolted awake by my own paranoia. Despite the friends and all the delicious candy, there is Mr. Boss is trying to manipulate me into doing his bidding.

He's a snake that keeps whispering:

"You can accomplish your dreams if you BELIEVE while earning 8,75$ an hour." One just has to use his imagination.

12:45

My eyes are seriously hurting and I'm feeling pain from trying to keep them open. There are cameras everywhere but they motivate me even more.

I ain't afraid of no damn camera. A Mexican put them up there and now that Trump is president, Mexico can go pay for it!

It can't? Why?

Well, let me tell you why - because it's a third world shithole nobody ever cared about.

If I get killed, many people grow happy because I open up so many spaces of opportunity, of experiences, of death.

12:46

I'm imagining a heaven consisting of empathy sluts and Goddesses.

Their personalities, vibrant and interchangeable, would be alternating between pleasing my dick and literally eating my shit.

As I would be inevitably depleted from my shit, one of them would hand me a cup of coffee and I would go at it again.

I would love to hate-fuck empathy whore.

12:47

My energy levels don't budge an inch and I'm just so fazed - I feel like I'm dying. It feels like cocaine withdrawal even though I never even took the drug.

Like, when I hear someone laughing and it ain't me or caused by me, well buddy, we have a problem.
How can you be so 'textbook narcissism' and not acknowledge my insatiable need for attention.

It's not fair! I might cry tears which will move mountains that weigh nothing.

12:48

I hear a loud wrum, wrum, wrum. It's a faggot compensating for his small penis. The louder the engine, the smaller the satisfaction he is able to provide.

I don't know why people make such a huge deal out of compensation.

I believe it's cool to work on your weaknesses, like not being tall and muscular and healthy and having a micropenis.

What we are essentially doing is compensating for life itself for we all seek immortality through immoral means.

12:49

I have never, ever been so tired in my entire existence. Is this what drug withdrawal does to a man? The only way to satiate a craving is to eat or consume the shit you are addicted to.

I'm sure we would all die of heart failure if we stopped smoking, some days I reckon it the only thing keeping me well and alive.

12:50

Ten minutes to go and I will slightly less hate my life. Yay!

Those thirty minutes of freedom, will they be taken away from the crabs around me?!

I don't know, all I know is that I like nature and traveling. Hi, I'm a normal human being that thinks of himself as progressive!

Please don't tell me about your trip to Las Vegas, yes we are sure you fucked a hooker.

Congrats on the STD's, how much property did you lose to a machine with colors and sounds, crybaby?!

12:51

This really isn’t getting more interesting in the least. This is worse than that time I fell for Jehovah's Witnesses. At least my brain was possessed with cool stories, terrifying creatures and brave men who could face it all!

To all the life inquisitors out there, the answer is always hidden inside of you. Change.

12:52

My thoughts are dwindling. I'm waiting for the sweet release of the thirty minute break. I'm a broken shell of a person. I'm terrified and I'm afraid.

Every new human sends me into analysis.

I don't want anyone near me.

I feel like I'm going to throw up. It's a similar feeling to when it was getting closer to speak up against the alpha boss.

12:53

I'm reminded again of my mistake and that only makes the pain worse. I feel the coffee inside of me ravaging everything even though there is nothing much to find anywhere.

It is imperative to stay fresh, calm and collected in the case of an emergency, too much of a beard and we might shoot the wrong terrorist.

12:54

I remember the days where I used to feel so hot I was burning.

I remember the days in which I took pain upon myself like the champ I'm, but there is nothing much to remember.

I was always just subpar in everything: Perfectly below average.

The only thing I ever liked in life was painting, which my parents thought was too gay of a career to pursue.

12:55

I already started turning off my stuff that is work related: I'm just saving some energy for Mr. Boss and the company.

It's not my fault it will take over ten minutes to boot up again, we need to think about the environment and Green Peace.

I smiled and giggled like a baby while thinking about all the happy lives I have now helped build with my sacrifice.

I hope I never have to sacrifice work time again!

12:56

I even stand up and turn off the lights! There is no need for artificial lightning at 1PM. What we want is less lightning which will lead to better eyesight in the form of nearsightedness and more work to be done in a shorter prison sentence.

I make a paper gum out of, you guessed what and I start shooting at people through the walls.

It's called wallbanging for the uninitiated.

12:57

My workplace is officially dead three minutes before it actually should be dead because that's how I roll!

My work, my place. My bitches. My rules. I wonder how much mental retardation a person has to suffer in order to feel compassion with escorts.

"I will earn 1000$ a day by being an attractive female, pity me!"

It's not that I have anything against escorts, I just hate women in general.

12:58

I'm actually running a huge risk of getting fired but who gives a shit? I subconsciously hope they do fire me, just so that I could march into the alpha bosses office and take a huge dump on the table.

I would pick out the remains of my shit and smear it all over his privileged, greasy, fucking cold, face. Love me, goddammit!

12:59

I'm becoming repetitive, just like my job.
My job molded me into the dull person I'm today.

No, I'm the one that is monotonous.
You gotta blame yourself for the dogshit in your life. I believe it's a continuum and that the answer is S O M E W H E R E I N T H E M I D D L E.

What a genius.

It's not extrovert or introvert, no you guys, it's ambivert.

Next thing you gonna tell me I'm a human being?

13:00

It rings in my head, it truly does.

I know where to go. My tiredness, coupled with drug withdrawal will lead me to a land of milk and honey.

Oh yeah, one more thing, if you really think you are an introvert, then you are a loser.

Guess what?

Albert Einstein was an introvert!
It isn't all that bad!

Just a quick reference: If you are an introvert (pussy), you have lost the game of life to extroverts (not giant pussies that have to rationalize their own dogshittery to their fucking environment).

Ten Signs Your Dog is An Introvert - Number 69 May Surprise You!

13:01

What will I do? What will I eat? I don't know.

I'm still sitting on the chair and observing the black screen expecting something to happen.

Come on, something has to be created out of nothing, otherwise, I don't have a chance on this planet.

I have food in my lunch box, but my lunch box is in my bag and my bag is closed.

That is an unfortunate circumstance of life which is preventing me from fulfilling my hunger cravings.

13:02

When you think about it, life is nothing but a bunch of walls around you; when you get too complacent, they grow both in size and length.

Now, I'm at a point where I can't really move anywhere because the walls are piercing my cock.
They must have mistaken it for my leg.

I have a really small penis, by the way, deeply hidden behind disgusting layers of sweat and fat.

13:03

There is commotion happening around me. Everyone wants to leave at once and so clashes happen which inevitably turn into social gatherings in the middle of the exit door.

The unfortunate creatures trapped behind have no choice but to succumb to the social pressure of 'there is a human in front of me' so they do the same as the latter and BAM, we're back in 1st grade elementary school.

Can you imagine that? I don't give a shit if you can't.

13:04

I don't understand talk very much, I always preferred stoic silence in favor of barbaric tongue clapping in my mouth.

I'm a little more progressive than everyone else.
I was born in the wrong generation.

Wait, the last generation is the wrong generation, my generation is just fine.

It's just that I'm having difficulties coming to terms with my own dogshittery.

13:05

And watching these humans always talk about something, it is so alluring and baffling at the same time.

They seem to reaffirm information they have already heard a million times before.

How mentally inefficient of them!

My thoughts do that instead for me and they are very good at it: I only have a few personality disorders and am reminded of them each and every waking moment of my life.

13:06

Hmmmm.... It's so crippling. Existence is so very crippling.

The only thing keeping me alive is the need to eat and drink and piss and shit.

If only I were able to turn off these innate life preserving abilities.

I would have killed myself a long ass time ago.

How great would it be to just not be bothered by existence anymore and just become nothing.

No emotion, no soul, no pain, no shit. Just nothingness.
Eternal piece of mind - I don't have one.

13:07

I would love to entertain myself with my own thoughts for eternity, but the fact of the matter is this voice can no longer be, because my body decided, you know what - I didn't eat for the last five hours or something, let's just pull the plug, let's turn him into an animal.

Let's eradicate everything he has envisioned to become and just make his top priority one single stupid word: Food.

13:08

And so I comply like the jellyfish - mellow, spineless, pussy piece of shit that I'm and stand up to reach for the treasure hidden in my backpack. I actually stood up.

I was so happy to be spending the rest of my wageslave day staring into the computer, literally being a waste of human air.

I wanted that so bad that I actually feel guilty for standing up. I feel guilty for having breached that contract with myself.

13:09

I quickly regain composure as I remind myself that I'm a windmill of change and emotion. If there was anyone I hated more than I do myself, they would have been murdered by now.

What a life to lead, never having the opportunity to hold down my opinion on anything for longer than a few hours or in this case, just hormonal shit or something. I don't know, I just want to eat food and die.

13:10

I viciously grab my bag and pry it open with such force that nothing of interest happened. I pull out my unhealthy shit meal, a sandwich consisting of ham, cheese, no vegetables covered with a sizable chunk of dogshit.

I open it up and start munching away.

Ahhh, how I have missed the taste of stale bread in the afternoon.
I'm truly thankful for having the opportunity to be alive.

13:11

I count my bites but only when I bite. I don't really have much of a memory so I'm always stuck at one, yet the sandwich is disappearing somewhere.

I might be on to something here, a black hole, perhaps?

Nah, two black holes cannot stand that close to each other, the second one being my stomach and the pit of pain I have to suffer for being alive, I guess.

Sorry life, it's not my fault that I was born.

Sending pain towards me ain't gonna change much, I'm too pussy to pull the trigger anyways.

13:12

As the end of my food approaches so grows my empathy towards the poor slaughtered animal that had to die so that I could enjoy its juicy meat.

I mean, anyone thinking that animals got souls and shit has to just take a look at the way we handle chicken.

I mean that shit goes alive and dead so fast, can anyone really appreciate the soul or something? I don't care about their dignified deaths or anything, it just doesn't matter when you have no soul.

13:13

Isn't it a coincidence that humans seem less religious the more of us there are?
I feel like quantity makes things lose value so fast in our society that we turned from being so very religious and soul searching to mere humanoid robots on this planet and you will find those new age soul-searchers digging their claws deep into your pockets, deep into the material realm.

I'll be honest, stop searching and accept there are no souls in slaves, as in machines, as in chickens.

13:14

There is more food in my backpack and now I'm having one of those boring internal debates of whether or not I should actually eat or not.

I'm like 59% full but also 41% empty.
Should I really embark on the next step of culinary activity?
How will this affect my mass on this planet?

Will it have such significance to the stability of our planet that I will have to abstain from eating at all?!

13:15

How do all of these debates end? Simply, you eat the goddamn thing anyways.

It's just you trying to be okay with you.

It's like you're trying to convince yourself, you know what, I ain't that much of a Loch Ness monster.
I think before I act, that is so much superior to my animal companions somehow.

An act is an act is an act but so long you can rationalize it, even murder is fine, ain't it?
Animals don't need to rationalize shit so they are far superior than any human ever will be.

13:16

I often call humans animals in a derogatory kind of way and the thing is: Humans have kept the worst of an animal and the worst of a deity, they are basically shitty meat branding itself as pastry with only the best quality of subsistence. What is life, but a bunch of pretending?

Just pathetic, maybe it is the ability to foolishly assume a position of greater power that we can actually function being engulfed by it, even though our talents have long dissipated?

Wow, one has to read this sentence three times to read it.

Experience, that is the word I've been missing and not just the word, but the experience of experience.

13:17

I start eating the second sandwich and am amazed by the redundantness of my act. Eating food while not hungry is one of my favorite pastimes.

All the kids calling me names in high school, look at me now!

I'm an evolved human. I have stepped and pushed myself to a level beyond overweight.
I'm obese and have shit falling straight out of my fucking asshole.

I have to use babywipes to wipe the shitstained cemented shit out of my bleached asshole.

13:18

I'm about to take my last bite and guess what thought speeds through my head?
Will I gain or lose weight tomorrow morning on the weight scale?

I mean it's a tough decision to make, made even more precarious by the fact that I'm unable to predict the future.

How do I get myself out of this pickle?
I know!
I take a look at the clock.

13:19

13:19, these past nineteen minutes have been nothing different from all the other hours I have put in this facility, yet they seem to have vanished into thin air.

Never forget one thing:

Overprotective parents create crippled children.
Overprotective parents create crippled children.
Overprotective parents create crippled children.

Overprotective parents create crippled children.
Overprotective parents create crippled children.

13:20

I'm tired so I drink water. I sometimes refuse to drink water because it doesn't really have a taste. What am I supposed to do with something which I cannot feel? Someone somewhere out there is making millions out of idiots like me.

As religion is being abolished, masses have become a religion.
As weird as it may sound to you, being rejected today is far worse than facing death in the past.

Attention is a resource we could never sell higher, nowadays.

13:21

Why is this office so empty? Where has everyone gone? I'll tell you where: Freedom. I understand that if my eyes stumble upon freedom, there is no going back to this place, that is why!

Seven and a half hours of slavery, not counting commute (a slave willingly coming to be chained) and preparation time, one can quickly grasp the straws of our society: 12 hours dead - 12 hours asleep. This is how this world operates, this is how we operate.

13:22

Let me get into detail for a short bit: So you're allowed to be a slave just as much as your mind is permitted to NOT register the situation of your being.

Just enough to make profit for all those close to you and just enough to make you loathe your job, but never leave.

Who and what is at the bottom of this? It's drug addiction!

The withdrawal symptoms from not working are depression, anxiety, a feeling of emptiness and a lack of fulfillment in life.

How could one possibly be happy without being a slave?!

13:23

The second part of the trap is even more intriguing and it's called freedom.

Freedom to just have enough time to spend all of your money on something stupid like: I'm a freethinking hippie, pot smoking, weed enthusiast with an IQ of 145.

I'm a bit more superior than other humans but I only believe in equal rights and eugenics.

Nice shirt costing you twenty or more bucks or even more if it is MENSA certified.

13:24

It always amazes me when humans speak about teenagers or young adults as something special or a force to be reckoned with.

In actuality, teenagers are the laziest and most entitled pieces of shit this planet has to endure for they are the future of our species.

Young adults, they are retards with the permission to buy alcohol and managing to hold three part-time jobs, living in a part-time hostel in the shitty part of the town, which they want to leave, but can't.

13:25

All in all, be you a teenager, young adult or whatever other gender you identify as, you are a slave.

If you haven't been born in nobility, well then fuck you.

And I will tell you right now why humans deserve all the pain one can dish out to them:

Some people will actually reply with 'Well, at least we have the ability to vote and voice our opinions' and they will mean it.

They will use the "at least I'm not a child in Africa" 'argument' and unless you like being called racist, the subhuman wins.

13:26

The trash which was left behind me reminds me so much of myself that I just let it be. I allow it to become a part of the environment this place has offered me. I actually did them a favor, now this place got some flavor!

I will never be a famous musician or spokesperson.
I'm forever doomed to work here until I collapse and am no more.

I had so many dreams implanted inside of my skull just to be abandoned at the age of thirteen!? "You're legally inclined to be fucked, welcome to the real world, sucker."

13:27

Everyone has everything figured out, some are even enjoying their stay here. They have taken the blue pill and refuse to let go of her.

They laugh and they sing and they smile and they work and then they go home, happy to come back to work the next morning.

I can shit on these humans as much as my heart desires, but at this moment right now, I'm jealous.

Jealous of their capability to adapt.
It's nobody's fault I'm trapped inside a twelve year old mind, or is it?

13:28

And so it will go on.
My life will wither away in anxiety, fear, anger, hate and apprehension.

I will never get to experience normal human emotion, never to witness the entire palette of human colors for I have never been so rotten for so long that even gold has mold on it.

I want to cry but my cheeks are dry and they will remain dry unless I splash water on them.

I want another chance.

It's too late for me now. I need to be reborn into this planet.
God, can you hear me?! Please?!

13:29

Nobody answers. Nobody ever answers.
I'm abandoned by even the most dearest and nearest to me: My head space, my thoughts.

Having to ponder without thinking really makes you cherish the thoughts you so readily despised in the past.

Believe me, folks, anything is better than nothingness and even the most hardened of serial killers don't prove as too bad of a clique to a man who had to endure solitary confinement for any period longer than a week.

13:30

I'm always so full of rage that I completely forgot one thing about the clocks in this facility. They make a loud click sound every time the thirty minute mark of an hour gets into the spotlight.

The click pisses me off but always somehow manages to assemble my thoughts and now it did not only do that but it was a sign of assimilation: The happy workers of my dear company come back in droves, refreshed and energized, ready to finish the workday in the same fashion they started in.

13:31

I, on the other hand, am nothing but dead weight at this point. If someone came up to me and threatened to shoot me, I would beg him, no I would admonish him to shoot me.

I would use the last straw of my energy to worship his gun and the repose it would give to me.

He would have to kill me or I would pull the trigger myself.
I hope I get to be like them one day...
No, they are all dogshit, you are far superior to any of them!

13:32

I won't start working for another long ass five or ten minutes, not like anyone supervises me anyways. I don't understand what to think anymore, the only thing keeping me alive is the dogged belief that I'm somehow, despite millions of references pointing otherwise, better than everyone and one more thing: Watching any of you mortals fail at anything fills me with such joy and pride that I immediately rise from the ashes, only to die again once the fire stops burning.

The fuel is never and was never enough.

13:33

How much of our wageslave money do we actually spend on trivial shit like Starbucks? 5 dollars a day for one cup of coffee, humans drinking there on the regular should have their life taken away. My nose is stuffed and I can't breathe so I just sniff and sniff.

Sniff.

It doesn't get any better. Sniff harder. Faster. Now it hurts.
I'm still suffering.
Breathing really does have a reason to be a problem now.

13:34

Honestly speaking, if I could just eradicate my own nose and rape its holes, it would have been a great pleasure to behold.

I feel a cold coming on. I hope it's something serious like cancer so I don't have to go to work for the rest of my life.

Aren't terminal illnesses just assisted suicides to the depressed souls of our galaxy? My eyes want to close but I'm still awake.

13:35

You people have no idea how much I hate all of you. I hate every single breathing human on this planet. If I were able to offer up my life in exchange for just a 0,00001% of it killing every human on this planet, I would do it because it makes sense.

When I think about it, I hate people of my social standing more than alpha boss.
I don't know him or his talents but I do know myself and fuck, do I hate me.

13:36

This is getting really fucking boring like seriously, this has to be the most boresome place where one could choose to spend his existence in.

Fuck this place.

Maybe it isn't the place, maybe it's the humans but fuck this shit.

I hate it. I want to escape human flesh itself.

I want talent, skill, accomplishment, love, house, wife, kids and 7 billion dollars in my bank account.

13:37

I can't do this anymore. I need to find an alternative source of income as soon as possible or I will snap.
Beyond a fucking doubt, I will snap and that will be the last of me.

This prison.

I don't know what it is?
Are you really gonna argue about shit now, brain?
Mental vs physical vs metaphysical.

I don't fucking know. This planet doesn't make sense.
It's psychology's fault.
Stop it psychology, please, we just want to be free from our chains!

13:38

So you wake up every day into existence and other entities do the same as you.

Then, you all upload your fucking brain matter or something that allocates you to a specific place in the hierarchy of human consciousness.

A CEO becomes a CEO and has CEO feeling of problems, wealth and being.

A housewife becomes a housewife and has housewife feelings of problems, wealth and being.

I just don't understand that.
I don't understand the clash between entities.

13:39

What I'm trying to say is: How come that cleaning lady working at Walmart doesn't strive to become the leader of Walmart?

Where is the glee in people's eyes? Where is evolution? Where is advancement?

I will tell you where - psychology has stolen it.
Psychology is a pseudoscience made up by a bunch of dopefiends and what does psychology fork to the table?

Personality disorders.

13:40

Bingo! That is what psychology gives us.

I have never seen or witnessed someone saying: You know what, paying 300$ an hour to a faggot waiting for the hour to pass really helped me in my life. I feel liberated now.

Nah man, you pay them 300 bucks so that they can prescribe you to a guy who will then prescribe you a medication and do you know what happens after the first pill? You die.

13:41

The worst thing is, these monsters really believe that they are helping you. I can imagine a pussy faced guy evaluating what his patient needs as he is listening to him attentively. Oh, he snaps his finger, you have anxiety?

I will prescribe you thirteen pills a day for that you crazy bastard, but don't worry, that is completely normal, everyone is doing it, so it's cool.

Possible side effects include death and a worse addiction than heroin itself, but we don't want you to suffer anxiety, now do we? You are not an animal, after all.

13:42

And so the psychologist casts his superior eye from his dogshit patient to the chart Robert Hare provided him with.

Using his expertise in his field of knowledge he determines that his patient is a depressive schizophrenic psychopath and prescribes another 70 pills to the poor soul.

After leaving the office, the psychologist feels conflicted: Both depression and happiness.

On one hand, he is the hero this planet needs and on the other hand, something feels off;

Maybe he's wrong? Maybe all of this is wrong?!

13:43

The psychologist comes home and complains to his shitty wife whose pussy is just dripping off Tyrone's cum and he tells her how depressed he feels as he has to suck in so much negative energy every day.

As if everything he's doing actually amounts to nothing because of a dogshit pseudoscience that bases itself on nothing but superstition and drugs similar but more expensive than heroin.

13:44

Oh yes, heroin.

We will get back to our psychologist later, maybe. Just like I will get back to work.

I'm a genius. I'm actually in a great mood right now. I put on some nice, relaxing music and just think about the psychologist being depressed.

God, I hate them but most of all do I hate are the female ones that divulge into two categories:

Confident but batshit insane and anxious but batshit insane.

13:45

Actually, let's get back to the fucking patient. So he has 99 prescriptions.

It seems that my dopamine got boosted by another man's misery.

Am I a sadistic psychopathic narcissist like Ed Gein?! Maybe I am.
I'm human.
We will get to that later, maybe.

I'm full of thoughts and happiness. I'm creative and gay and just feel so very good. I'm stretching my body and the clock is ticking and the money is rolling!

13:46

So where was I?!
Oh, the fucking cocksucking patient.

So he gets his handful of pills and swallows them and do you know what happens? He doesn't feel jackshit, you guys.

He is fucking stoned out of his fucking head, he is a dead body!

BUT

One thing he is not that is: He's still capable of providing alpha boss with the yachts that he requires to play golf on.

I still don't get it - why isn't the murder of rich people a more frequent occurrence?

Why don't the poor overthrow the rich?!

13:47

And he, the cocksucker, in his mind things are going great. He is dead meat. Taking pills is legal fucking suicide I can only tell you that.

I mean if you take pulls just take your own life instead, you are long fucking gone from existing.

Your spirit tarnished, crestfallen and drained to the core, you are just metamorphosing into a fat retard that eats too much because the pills told him to do so.

You have no idea how much hate and empathy I have for your kind...

13:48

So you take them for longer than the prescribed eight weeks or something, like it fucking matters. It becomes habit forming. H A B I T F O R M I N G.

Do you not see how they are making a mockery out of you?!

They are actually peddling their own shitty, highly addictive, DEADLY drugs as habit forming.

Standing up on your right leg is a habit. Going to a restaurant on Fridays is a habit.

Having sex with your wife once a year is a habit.

A drug which was synthesized just for one single purpose - to make and keep you a sheep for your entire fucking life IS NOT habit forming.

It's a weapon of mass destruction.

13:49

So you buy some more and use more to get the same fucking effects, right? Yeah and then you just can't steal shit anymore because you have already been caught like two times and your family is having enough of your shit.

You stroll past the streets one day and someone offers you heroin.

10$, you think to yourself, that's like pocket change compared to the shit you pay but you don't buy it, no, the D.A.R.E. program did its magic and ain't nobody got time for heroin!

13:50

So you go home and check everything to find just one more pill. Just one more high. Just one more blue pill so you can fit into society, unfit for you.

But there is none. No money, no game.
So you crave.
One day, no heroin. Two days, maybe heroin. Three day, fuck yes heroin.

So you buy your first bag and everything goes back to heaven, even better than heaven:

You are getting a very cheap high that is way lengthier and more potent than the processed shit you were swallowing.

But heroin... Heroin is a weird flower, isn't she?

13:51

Heroin puts another zero on those ten dollars faster than you can count time and the thing is, you don't wanna be high no eight hours no more, it's about your entire waking existence.

Time doesn't exist under heroin, it's just high or not high.

When you are high, time is something far pleasurable to really experience and conversely, the reverse also holds true when you're not high: Time is too powerful to enter your conscious mind, it would cripple you faster than heroin.

13:52

As bad as life might be going right now, no matter how much of a wageslave you are and how meaningless it all seems, never forget to be grateful for not being on heroin.

And so after years of abuse come the years of fighting to stay abstinent and what you have learned after all of those years is that the burden on your soul at 19 is now a hundred times its size at 29 and you're not a year smarter.

Listen to me folks, if you are gonna abuse heroin, when you feel the end coming, overdose and end it all.

13:53

So, let's get back to our dear psychologist - what a useless degree, holding no semblance in the real world.

We will start with the male ones because fuck female psychologists. Literally.
Fuck females in general.

They manage to fuck up everything they do, some with lack of ambition and other with just being talentless trash that has been made to pop out babies and take Facebook pictures.

I'm so pissed off at women!

You have to admit that for every competent man there is one incompetent woman on his back, like Hillary Clinton.

I mean only a woman can manage to lose two times in a row and still not lose face.

13:54

So the male is shaken by this sudden discovery of his dogshittery. Maybe Freud was wrong?

Maybe it was just the cocaine talking. He swallows a pill to calm his head and takes out the DSM10 out of his shelf.

This is his haven, the beacon of knowledge from where he can illuminate the minds of his patients on their personality disoriented minds.

Bad mind!

Don't you dare piss off those in power!!!

13:55

So he takes a deep breath (meditation is good for the body) and opens it up. Let's see, what does our disciple choose: Psychopathy.

A psychopath is an individual that is born male and has an overt ego. Women can't be psychopaths because they are incapable of displaying extreme human traits. They have to be labeled as bipolar, bpd or some shit. A vocal minority of 1% are psychopaths but many more fall under scrutiny: If he is white, male, successful and especially a CEO because fuck those guys, they are scapegoats for everything these days, you got yourself a psychopath on your hand.

I know this is hard for your inferior, non-psychologist, intellectualizing mind to comprehend but not all psychopaths are serial killers!!!

You can't cure a psychopath. I hope one day all psychopaths will be able to participate in marriage.

13:56

With glee on his face and having regained confidence into his babble of a dogma book, he continues to scratch the surface of insanity: Narcissism.

A narcissist is any successful male that uses his talents to further himself in life. Women can be narcissistic too but that's usually reserved for creating a deformed male child.

A narcissist spends time with himself more than social norms prescribe and actually has aspirations in life which really makes people around him upset with his egotism.

If you're a woman, a narcissist is any man you don't like or has hurt you in the past.

If it is of frequent occurrence in your relationships, one can verily assume that it's always the man's (narcissist) fault, you flawless slut!

13:57

This society surely is patriarchal. Women are so oppressed, most people aren't even aware of it on a conscious level. The patriarchy is our matrix, shrugged the clearly superior weed smoking atheist armchair psychologist.

He turns the leaf and finds schizoid personality disorder.

Schizoids are geniuses who have actually figured out how to use the mailing system to deliver their necessities for the day.

Having a job that requires not to watch your boss fucking you in the asshole but working from home, the schizoid loses the need to interact with other humans.

Only when the sexual craving goes unfulfilled for a certain period of time, does the schizoid realize his predicament and undertake drastic measures: Calling a hooker to his home.

13:58

Schizoids need to be drugged up, smirked the psychologist and went on with: Bipolar disorder.

The first disorder that isn't dominated by men.

There aren't really any fundamental traits to bipolar humans (women in general) other than that they are completely fucking crazy.

The same goes for any woman really, but you gotta have a label for everything these days.

The bipolar, realizing his/her lowly status as a wageslave, decides against working on herself (narcissism) or becoming successful (psychopathy) so she takes her frustration out on the innocent beings around her and boy does a bipolar woman give good blowjobs!

13:59

Shaking his head, he reached his all time favorite: Paranoid personality disorder.

These humans had a thing in their past and that thing taught them to be leery of others and as their brain hardwired that into their behaviors, the DSM had to make up some disorder (all of them) in order to not appear like complete horseshit.

A paranoid human easily feels shame and humiliation and persistently bears grudges, just like any other human being on this fucking planet.

Jesus Christ, how retarded are you humans?!
How to get diagnosed and have your life ruined?

Be honest in a standardized psychology test.

14:00

Next one up is schizotypical disorder, yeah I know, they are already running out of names.

So, the schizotypical individual uses his powers of imagination a little too well and that qualifies him or her for a personality disorder.

This is the gateway drug to schizophrenia, which you can easily attain from the many pills we provide in our offices!

This disorder is also common to the religious folk, all of them actually because religion sucks and psychology makes SO much more sense.

Yeah, synopses and shit rule!

14:01

We have a true gem coming up now, a personality disorder made up for the prison population to keep them in there.

Popular among African-Americans with guns and zero vocabulary, this is a great way to explain their frustrations to the world: They are poor and black and insane.

They will take our jobs with their ASPD (Anti-Social Personality Disorder). Let's give us a reason to treat them like the trash they are, institutionalized racism is always the key to advancement in society.

Exploitation for the win!

14:02

It's something for the history books right now: Histrionic personality disorder, also known as narcissism for women.

The histrionic women, liking dick and boasting about it, gets bitchslapped by society in a very unfortunate way: with a personality disorder that usually comes with pills.

Lacking self-respect and craving cock, the histrionic woman puts up with shit even if she hasn't got a scat fetish.

Histrionics are also what normal people call “unpopular actor” so if you aren't Johnny Depp or Harry Potter, fuck you, you're histrionic.

By the way, you are sensitive to criticism, like NOBODY else on this fucking planet.

14:03

I will avoid this topic but still touch briefly upon: Avoidant personality disorder.
You got pussy magnets like alpha boss and then you got me, I guess?

People with this disorder are ugly as hell and rejected by everybody, even psychologists dread having to work with them.

The thing is, we don't tell people that they are ugly anymore, we make them come to the conclusion on their own and then label them as crazy for doing so. Why?

For the glory of Satan of course.

14:04

Depending on the outcome of this election, one thing can be said for sure: Trump is never going to win!

Dependent people realize that they are absolute fucking trash that doesn't accept the adult world when they are like 30 and so they act like fucking children to the annoyance of everyone around them.

Being special snowflakes and spending a lot of money on reading psychology crap, these individuals seem to attract evil and malevolent psychopaths in their life and get abused, sniff sniff.

They are victims of injustice, buy my ebook for only 420$ entitled "Sweaty, it's literally all their fault. They are bad people, you're great!"

14:05

So at the end of this day, let me ask you all a question: What is the difference between a psychologist and a priest?

One has a white suit and the other has a black suit.

I'm laughing at my own genius.
I'm a genius.

14:06

The psychologist closes his eyes and drifts away into sleep, never to be called upon again until he opens his eyes once more.

Harbinger of doom and pain, he tells us what humans cannot explain.
What we lack, he points out, a functioning human brain!
I twist and open and I slap and I growl, but still, says the psychologist, my patient is an irreparable car. Permanence becomes my language and money my vocabulary, I send my patients to another human so that my hands could be clean?

14:07

This was the male psychologist. It feels really good to think while not working. So we now move onto the evil female one. The one I hate with such vigor and I will tell you why:

So we got two types of shit females who pursue this degree: Sluts that want to cover up shame and brittle sluts who want to cure themselves and the world or something.

Women are childish shit so please don't be bothered by their nonsensical ideas, I apologize for it in advance.

14:08

Whore suffers from very low self-confidence and she does what a whore does best;
Whores her life to psychology and that means being one with messages like: Be yourself or love yourself or if you truly believe in yourself, anything is possible!

Endowed with an IQ of a fifth grader, her confidence rises as she consumes more quotes and more cocks from her superiors.

She eventually becomes very self-absorbed and uses her sexuality to keep clients working with her in the hopes they will smash her one day.

14:09

A shy woman is there to open up and do some soul searching. She is there to better herself for the betterment of humanity and recite pieces of literature ad-lib.

That's it, she also likes to walk funny, put excessive thought in her body language, smile like a robot...

Actually, when I think about it, maybe, maybe being a woman IS a personality disorder in itself? It's a tough one.

She also makes jokes even she wouldn't laugh at like: Hahahaha, anxiety really sucks, hahahahaha.

14:10

There was also something else I insisted on covering but I feel like I've got myself a case of Dementia Hypoactive Malfunctioning Brain Disorder (DAMBO - just replace the Dick with an Orifice) and cannot be held accountable by any rational standards. It's not my fault! I'm disordered, you guys.

I understand why people do it though, why they sell their soul to the devil...
What I fail to grasp though is how? I want to join in too...

14:11

This soul crushing job is so soulcrushing I don't even feel like having a soul, man. You know what? Clock says two hours and something and that means only two hours and something and I'm fucking free from this prison PENIS.

I will never do this to myself again, I promise.
This pressure to perform, this anxiety, this boredom, this tiredness...
Why is nobody asking me to continue?
Why have I been abandoned by everybody?

14:12

I'm back in real fucking reality and I fucking hate you all. I'm spinning around in my spinnin' chair and I'm thinking about vomiting but there is no expensive stuff around me so I hold it in.

14:13

Why is it so hard to exist? AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, the pain won't go away! It's both physical, psychological and mental and it's everywhere.

You cannot describe it, you cannot experience it so stop pretending like you know something because you know jackshit.

I can do whatever I want.
I hold my breath.

14:14

I'm still not sure if this existence really wants a piece of me because fuck man I had enough. I feel like the dirtiest whore on this planet and it's getting worse, folks.

My stomach is playing tricks on me and my eyes are devouring my dinner.
I'm seeing double for a moment and then nothingness.
I sometimes see triple.
I'm scared.
I want out of this trip but I'm scared of being called out as normal by normal people.
I just want to be normal but it ain't working so well.
The thoughts whose side I take always seem to lose...

14:15

What are you saying?! You dare repeat that in front of me!!? I'm honestly so fucking done with everything. This job is so shitty!!!

If only I found a way to make ten leprechauns form 5$ in gold every day.
I would be just fine. I don't need much, just normal existence.

Above average existence but listen man, I'm really going to fucking vomit all over this fucking desk and computer.

I got enough of this shit, alpha boss, I don't want to submit to you anymore, but my weakness says otherwise.

Am I splitting or separating from myself?

14:16

If I'm not gonna be working then I'm gonna be doing something else entirely. Nobody ever visits me anyways. You all can suck on my fucking cock.

I'm gonna put on some hardcore interracial gay ass bukkake and listen to it in full and what will happen to me?

Absolutely fucking nothing because I fucking own this place and everyone who says otherwise will face death.

14:17

Come on you stupid fucking piece of dogshit computer. Why does it have to take seven billion hours of my time for you to open up a fucking browser that is supposedly the best there is?! What does this circle mean?

Why is it rotating like a fucking retard? What?
Why is my screen going blank right now?
Is the whole fucking system shutting down or what?

14:18

I'm gonna fucking kill myself! What has this world come to that a man can't even play some fucking video games at work?!

I mean I work eight hours in order to be able to sit on my ass for another eight hours at the computer at HOME which makes this much of a difference apparently.

After a sixteen hour screen shift, one gets to enjoy eight hours of insomnia because it appears that having artificial light piercing your shitty lizard skull fucks it up massively.

14:19

Listen to this folks, so the shitty cursor stops rotating like a little bitch and I'm all happy because now I can finally switch the golucky123 dogshit virus browser to google or bing or some shit.

Just as I'm about to press my left mouse button IT STARTS ROTATING AGAIN!!! I pull out my phone and put it on the desk with mucho grande power. Why did I do that?

We will never know.

14:20

Alpha boss, beta worker.
John Doe, the motherfuckin' rappa in thaaaaa mixxxxxxxx.
Oy! Oy!

Check this out, my boss is cucking me like never before, he fucks my wife on the bedroom floor. I have to watch because I'm a cuck, all I'm thinking "Does his cock need a suck?"

The office computer is fricking dogshit, not many things rhyme with dogshit, but there is one thing that rhymes with dogshit and that is dogshit, ah!
Eight hours a day, five days a week, my asshole gets stretched, at least I'm not a NEET.
Even a whore gets paid blood money, I will scam people like 2012 Kony.

14:21

This is actually really good! I'm the best rapper since African Americans. I should be getting trillions of dollars for this shit.

I deserve all the fortune I can possibly get.

Why should a scrawny ass drugged up dogshit "Hey guys, I'm running really really much. I'm really trash," Eminem get what is due to me.

I'm the best musician, the best office worker and the best human being in this universe.
Let's write another rap for the fans.

14:22

This one's called: Bitch, fuck off!
I'm not a model, your pussy is worn out and I'm glad that I'm the one responsible for your drought.
People often ask me why don't you get a girlfriend and I tell 'em what?
Listen man, I ain't no homo but give me a boy friend with a body dick.
I make beats that are so sick, Dr. Dre looks like dogshit, there is no rhyme, this shit is freestyle.
I'm a rapper and your mother fucks thirteen Asian cocks a day.

Another masterpiece.

14:23

The computer recognizes my genius and finally lets me access its innards.

I won't rape you little computer, don't you worry.
Let me put on my latex gloves.

I'm also the absolute best female comedian on this planet.
Hey guys, look at my vagina. My vagina likes to fulfill its sexual role, hahahahaha.
I'm a genius comedian. I'm also SUCH a whore, HAHAHAHAHAHA.

14:24

So, I'm at xvideos dot motherfucking com and I'm debating whether to do it or not.
I mean I can just masturbate on mute. I can also go to the toilet to complete my sexual desires.

I could also pay a hooker for that or step into a relationship but I already made my sentiments knows:
All women are stupid whores and there is nothing that's gonna change that!

So, I open up the whimsical piece of art: Blonde teen whore gets gangbanged by twelve Somalian pirates and at first, it's mute.

14:25

Thirty seconds into the video, shit gets heated and her capacity to suck cock is greatly reduced by its monstrosity and its girth and shit. She looks like a pole with a flag up her ass; stupid bitch.

She deserves it.
My phallus is growing with the flow and now it's getting exciting as hell.

I take my dick with one hand and the mouse with the other.
It's showtime.

I up the volume from zero to five and it's barely audible, even to me.
My heart is pounding so fast, I'm feeling it hurt, but it's also enjoyable.

Streams of unruly energy flow through my body and I'm shivering from the adrenaline.

14:26

This video is like thirty minutes long or something like that and I'm already rock hard. This isn't really about me, my sexual desires or my cock; It's about sound.

It's about everyone in this office tribe hearing the sound and being intimidated by their own nature.

I upped the volume from five to ten and now I can hear it clearly.
My cheeks hit red alert very fast and my wiggly butt cheeks seem to be ready for a plug insertion.

So far so good - nobody is bothering me.

14:27

We can go further beyond.

From ten to fifteen. Shit is getting serious. Her sounds are increasing in intensity and now I can hear it clearly.

Doubt starts setting in: Can others hear it?

I stood up, cock still in wood fashion, exposed to this planet and moved around to all the different coordinates in my cubicle: It's all good!

Scream louder, slut!

I like watching women get degraded and humiliated for the shit they are!

If women are so cute then why do they take massive shits in the toilet, just like men?!

14:28

This is all too little for me: I need more.
I up the volume from 15 to 50 and boy, can it be heard now.
My cheeks turn blue from the shame but I just stroke my cock until no end.

The harder she screams and the more pain is inflicted upon her, the more I strangle my schlong. Go whore, dieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I finish all over my keyboard and mouse and Jesus fuck, this was a great fap.

Jesus fucking Christ did I enjoy this one.

Alpha boss, you got nothing on me - I'm the main playa, the shotcaller, in this facility.

14:29

In a heroin-like trance, I reclined on my chair, closing my eyes, for the first time in many days thinking about nothing.

14:30

I know that I can't sleep while working but it's so easy and my eyes are so heavy.

My entire head is dragging me down into the land of dreams and the worst thing is, it feels good.
It feels really, really good.
To just close your eyes and enter nothingness.
It's so meditative and nice. Just nice.

14:31

I never open my eyes and even though any shred of decency that I ever had is now gone, I stuff my dick back in his place.

You have no idea how nice I feel.
I feel connected, not really to anyone, but me.
It's still a strong connection and it makes me happy.
I feel like I have shaken my own soul and now I get to meet her face to face, it's just nice.

14:32

I refuse to resist anymore and just be. I fell asleep.

14:33

I feel so dead, but positively dead, in some kind of nirvana. Maybe Buddha actually meant death as nirvana, but people misinterpreted him. I'm floating. This is better than heroin.

14:34

I'm at the faculty, vampires are chasing me, I'm scared. They're in my room, they've formed a circle, laughing at me, performing some ritual, probably wanting to turn me into one of them, I don't know.

I tried to escape from them, but my legs wouldn't listen. Hand movements so slow, legs paralyzed, a disembodied feeling throughout my entire being. Everyone in that circle is a vampire, not by appearance, but by my feeling.

14:35

When they finished the ritual, they kept laughing at me and I was still surrounded.

Suddenly I feel pieces of glass stuck in my hands. I try to get rid of them, take them off myself, but I can't.

Suddenly I feel some choking in my throat, as if I swallowed half a kilo of speed, a lot of crystal methamphetamine in my mouth, needles in my hands. I cough, cry, spit, but nothing comes out of me.

I don't understand what's happening, everything is so real, so painful.

14:36

Suddenly I find myself on the floor, I start laughing with them, I accept my fate, the mass around me doesn't let me breathe, I try again to spit the crystals out of my jaws, but I simply can't.

Everything starts spinning and spinning and they all spin around me. I feel sick. I'm falling. I'm falling into the ground, I'm gone. The dream or reality or parallel universe ends.

14:37

I'm sinking into blackness. I don't know where I am. I'm just falling. I'm still scared. I'm in infinity, I look down, I can't see the end of the fall. Mother, father, help me!

14:38

I woke up. This was a very strange dream. I'm going to commit suicide because I can't take it anymore. I'm serious this time. I succeed and suddenly I find myself between heaven and hell.

I see a beautiful heaven, but sad angels.

Something surreal pulls me downward, toward hell. But suddenly I find myself on planet Earth, that is probably a gift, a gift from God, so I can watch how everything goes to shit.

14:39

Heaven is the sun, hell is the moon, from Earth I see how they merge, how they become sometimes one, sometimes the other, a little separate, a little joined.

I see planet Earth in them, I see yin and yang, I see that darkness is actually the absence of light, and light the absence of darkness.

I'm confused.

14:40

The planets revolve around me, not around the sun or the moon. I'm dizzy again. Am I really awake? Did I commit suicide? Is this my penance? Is this really what happens to those who kill themselves?

I don't understand what's happening, but I'm not anxious, rather calm, a little euphoric, happy.

14:41

I can fly. I can visit the planets around me. They are so beautiful. Hobbes telescope cannot convey the beauty of Saturn and its moons.

I see them up close. They enchant me, not so much by their size, but with their brightness.

I feel joy for the first time in my life. And then, everything goes black, everything collapses and I find myself on a black canvas outside of space and time.

14:42

I start falling again. Infinity returns, together with anxiety and fear. My parents, my parents, why did you abandon me? I'm nailed to an invisible cross, which collapses like the Tower.

I don't understand where all this blackness comes from, why is there not even a little light? Am I the only one who sees what's happening? Am I really alone in this world without end?

Aliens are clearly a figment of human imagination, just like God, Satan and other inventions that describe states of extreme experiences.

14:43

I cry and I no longer see the blackness, I see, that is I don't see, the drops of my tears, they turn into puddles in front of me. They form an endless sea, my subconscious, my pain, my life.

I close my eyes and pray to God for forgiveness.

Be merciful.

14:44

Sea. Sea. Sea. Endless sea. I find myself on a ship, I am the captain, I feel power in my hands. But there's trouble, pirates are coming and trying to steal my treasure.

They are trying to take away my friends, the people with whom I have been sailing for months across a sea so vast, so unimaginable.

Where are we even? Does GPS exist in this vastness? Can the human brain understand what it is not predetermined to understand?

14:45

Instead of fighting with swords and piercing ships with cannon fire, we enter into conflict through words, we have a rap battle in front of everyone.

I start, but the words won't come out of my mouth.

The other captain laughs, his crew laughs, my crew laughs. Suddenly my head gets cloudy, not necessarily spinning, but everything is as if I'm looking through a fly's lenses.

This is not good.

14:46

I fall into the sea, I don't throw myself, I am simply drawn. In it I again see that endless blackness. I'm sinking, just sinking, I think I'm crying but I can't see the tears because of the salt water.

Where are they taking me now?

14:47

Finally I wake up, in my plantation, at my work desk number 69. My colleagues are having sex with each other, even the fat cow is getting dicked, but I am alone.

I don't know who I would approach, I don't know how I would approach them. Am I even heterosexual?

At this moment, I would gladly suck a man's dick, because the loneliness I feel is unimaginable.

14:48

I'm unhappy that I have to work, but at least it distracts me from the sounds of sex around me, such beautiful sighs of women receiving dick, such ecstasy…

Why can't I be part of that?

Out of nowhere, a black demon appears and says he will take away three wishes from me.

I ask him, shouldn't you grant me three wishes?

He looks at me seriously, shaking his head a little left, a little right.

14:49

Which three wishes should he take from me? What should I choose? I feel some masochistic urge for him to take away my right to sex, but I already don't have it.

There is nothing left in my life to take away, I am empty like an abyss. I am the one who should be giving, because from nothing everything arises.

14:50

He approaches me, he is angry, he wants to do something to me. I beg him to leave, he listens to me and I no longer see him on the scene. The sex between my colleagues stops, everyone returns to work.

I'm glad, I feel such relief that I also throw myself into sorting office papers.

14:51

A hole appears in my stomach, it is black, it spreads throughout the entire body, it devours me, it has no end.

It expands like the endless universe and finally, I find myself alone again, lost in the endless nothingness.

Fear, anxiety and unease are greatly elevated.

14:52

All my teeth have fallen out, they are on my tongue, I try to spit them out but they are stuck firmly to my tongue.

I try to speak, to make a sound, to shout, but I can't.

The taste in my mouth is bitter, I feel like vomiting, in the end I swallow the teeth that fell out and I feel such disgust and hatred toward myself that I wish for death more than ever before.

14:53

That ordeal also ends, I feel my dick rising, I feel how horny I am, I need sex and fast.

Suddenly my cousin appears in front of me, so close, and yet so far. The upper part of her body is completely naked, I look at her breasts and wish for her milk. My mother never breastfed me when I was young.

I approach her, but she disappears like an illusion. The world around me becomes unreal, and I finally wake up.

14:54

I think I'm awake, but I'm afraid to open my eyes, I'm afraid of what awaits me next. Suddenly my brain returns me to objective reality, so I was just sleeping!

I was in a dream within a dream that took place in a dream. A very interesting and terrifying experience.

I don't open my eyes because I'm still scared. God help me.

14:55

I open my eyes and find that my dick is still full of cum in my pants. My heartbeat is irregular and I feel even more fucked up than before. I notice the cum on my equipment and I'm just like fuuuuuuuuuuuck.

It's 14:55 and in five minutes I gotta go to mandatory education motivational crap. Five minutes!!!!! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

There are no towels or sheets of my kind over here, fuck!

14:56

I gotta find something or else I'm gonna lose my job and be labeled as a sex offender which doesn't sound fun to me. Not fun at all.

I wander through my stuff once again but there is just nothing I could use and the cum is more than aplenty.

I have to lick it up like the dog I am.
Lick that cum, doggy, become one with yourself.
I love it, yummy yummy, give me cummy.

I venture out in search for some tissues OUTSIDE of my cubicle.

14:57

I step out into the arena and approach the first female I see: It seems to be Judy, the long-legged blonde slut.

"Can I have some tissues, please, there was an accident at my desk?"
Am I mentally retarded? I could have just told her that my nose was running or something.

"Sure, sweety, I can help you clean it up!"

First of all, shut your retard voice and second of all, do you really crave cock so much that you have to lick your lips while conversing with me?
Inferior beings, I tell you.

14:58

"Just give me the tissues."
I was rude, more rude than I have ever been in the past twenty-five years.

My mind is finally getting to experience reality and how do I feel?
Sorrowful, remorseful, guilty.
I hope she doesn't tell me I'm bad.

Please don't punish me! I don't want to think about this but I have to.
I just wanted to not get fired. It's so hard to breathe, this is all my parents' fault. They made me into this.

They are me. I'm them.

"Sure, here you go, don't forget to bring them back, hihihi." She winked as she handed me a new, fresh package. "Thanks"

I averted my gaze and ran back to my cubicle.

14:59

I'm at my cubicle and as I'm cleaning this mess up, I just think about how sad all of this is, her being so cock hungry and me being so stoic and alpha.

I'm ready to be the alpha boss.

He is going to be my bitch.

Oh yeah, the reeducation Kim Jong Un camp, God, I hope they send me to Siberia to die or something.

15:00

I'm still not done cleaning so what do I do? I clean. Nobody will or can influence my actions, not even the clock on the wall.

Let him reeducate his pussy while I'm here. I do what I want.

I'm owning this shit from now on and you know what, blonde slut?

I won't give you any of your tissues back!
I will waste them all on my cum.

None for you and all for me.
I don't want to see your slut visage ever again.

I gleefully smiled while having a peek at my keyboard to find cum fragments!

15:01

I have no motivation to exist anymore but a wimp's gotta do what a wimp's gotta do.
I try and find a trash can but the thing is, my entire fucking cubicle is a trash can so I just throw it at the back of my monitor where nobody can see it at first sight, but actually can after the second one.

As I'm strutting outta this place, I imagine blondie touching the tissues and being turned on by them, turned on by the cum of an alpha male!

15:02

I stroll through the floors keeping my head low and my guard high. No distractions, just crippling anxiety.

15:03

I'm at the front door of the New Communist Committee's 200% increased productivity or the TNCCO200%PP.
What is actually going to happen when I open that door?
I'm afraid to approach the door handle.

Nothing is happening. Time is freezing.

15:04

My heart rate goes up and up and the beats are not by Dr. Dre but those of a heart attack.

I can't even get to my own appointment, that's how pathetic I am.

I'm not even mad at this point, it's just funny, very funny.
I'm literally just standing there: Piercing the wooden door with my adrenalized gaze.
Time me out.

15:05

I start farting and it's getting funnier. I mean, just imagine my predicament: I'm late and I'm too scared to come into the place I fucking hate.
I fucking despise everything about this committee and that first faggot guy and his speech and all the embarrassment and the rage, you all go die, you faggots.

My fear is turning into strength and confidence, perhaps?
We will see.

15:06

I'm still standing in front of the door but now my fists are clenched and my body is ready to let loose. I remember now: I didn't even close off my porn tab or tone it down so the videos are still rolling.

I hope that every female on this planet has to watch it as they pass through my cubicle number 35. Their pussy moist but no alpha cock for you ladies; I'm at a meeting.

15:07

Alright, let's go and show this motherfucker the power that is me! He will learn to respect a God on sight and will never turn to such foolish endeavors!
This company is mine.

I put my hand on the door knob, but there is still something holding me back.
It's a force that pierces my arm and incapacitates it from acting with the force needed to enter a new reality.

I'm not the type of guy to be aggressive and just enter someone's place.

15:08

The door opens on its own and protruding out is none other than first faggot himself. What a pleasure?!

I spoke first with much haste in my voice: "I was waiting for you to open the door. I didn't want to be rude so as to disturb you. My deepest condolences."

That oughta show him.

"You're late."

He said with droopy eyes.
His eyes never matched mine, am I too much of a shitstain to even be acknowledged by him?

"Come in."
I will, you fucking retard.
"Thank you so much sir."
I actually am not thankful nor do I think of him as a sir.

15:09

I come in and stay on my feet because I'm waiting to be seated like the good little boy I am. He motions at me to sit down and I'm very disgusted by one thing: His shoes!

They’re just so shiny and glossy, he might be a sycophant posing as a human or most likely a human sycophant being.
So, I sit down and look around while he is fiddling with some papers and the room is fucking dogshit and smells like construction work.
God, I fucking hate people and my own five senses of which I most despise the one of smell.

15:10

"Do you know why you're here?"
To fuck your wife.
"To receive motivational training from you, sir."
I'm so creative I piss myself off.
"Shut the fuck up, alright."
Did he just really say that?
"Do you know who the fuck I am? I'm the fucking head of this department and you're nothing!"
He continued screaming his lungs off.

I stood silent and was barely breathing.

For some odd reason, I wanted to cry.

15:11

The silence was getting uncomfortable. I'm having problems lifting my head up to face him?! I'm scared.

"What do you have to say about your poor performance at work, huh?"

He inquired and appeared very intimidating. I said nothing because I couldn't open my mouth.

A few moments pass and he repeats himself, only this time much louder.
I'm feeling really, really uncomfortable and I'm sweating out of my asshole.

15:12

I breathe some air in and out. In and out.
I talk: "I don't know."
Not much comes out. I'm such an idiot.
"Do you know how close we are to firing your sorry ass? You're a fucking moron, that's what you are!"
This hurt. I can't stand it anymore. I give him what he deserves:
"I'm very sorry for that. I promise that I will better myself and become a more proficient worker."
This will teach him to disrespect me. Let's see what else he got:
"Promises won't do you any good this time! When the office fails, do you know who gets the blame? Me, and I don't like getting blamed!"

15:13

He continues on talking about performance and some other bullshit but I'm just stoked about one thing:

How similar we are! He only wants to keep his job and be a good little wageslave.

I actually feel sorry for him and genuine guilt for my grave sin.
I will improve, if for no one than for him.
Looking at him all authoritative makes me want him inside me.
I didn't just say that or did I?

Maybe, I did.

15:14

His masculine voice, his firm structure, his unplucked eyebrows and his pecs protruding out of his mantle were only a few small things one could love about such a man. How hard must his cock be?
Is he as hard as I am right now?
I need a man like him in my life to show me the ropes. I want to be his cumslut.

15:15

He is talking to me and I'm attentively listening, but I have retreated into my own universe of thoughts where no one can hurt me. It's just like when my mother used to beat me up as a kid, it was my fault daddy left us, wasn't it, whore?

If your vagina wasn't so worn out, he would have probably stuck around - I snickered condescendingly inside of my own mind.

Outside, a firm poker face. I should have been a poker player.

15:16

He is done screaming or so it seems as words aren't coming out of his mouth anymore. He is handing me a sheet of paper and I'm supposed to accept it or something.

I'm not bothered enough to put my hand out in the open: I like it near my stomach, where it protects the place that hurts, unsuccessfully.

"Fill this form out." I seem to wake up from a dream-like state and I take the paper from him and now it's in my hands and I'm starting to read it.

I want to read it out loud so the birds can hear me.
I'm gonna drag this one out as much as possible.

15:17

Name and surname. I'm not really sure about those two so I put one hand on my chin and fiddle with the pencil with my other hand.
I even let out a small growl to signal the intensity of the asked question. I look up at him and he seems to be distracted with his mobile phone, probably debating what chick to fuck tonight.

He is a real Chad, our first guy, isn't he? I write down John Doe.

15:18

Place of residence and other bullshit that goes with it. Now, the thing is I really have zero idea how my fucking street is called and as I'm trying to recall it, I remember that my ID has that shit so I carefully pull out my ID as to not distract him as he is on his phone and write that shit down. Copy it, actually.

I don't wanna get sued for copyright infringement!

15:19

From number 1 to 10, how would you rate your shitty fucking dogshit out of a creativity department?

I would rate the guy performing them a hundred but the concept itself is absolute trash.

I want to have sex with women, are you happy now?

Stop judging my cock when I didn't even have the chance to whip it out yet.
From 1 to 10 I would say negative infinity but the problem is he is near me so I circle a big fat 10.

15:20

Any comments on how to improve the creativity dogshit boosting apartment? More on my watch. I hope he is pleased with me. I hope he likes my answers. I hope he doesn't scream at me again. I really don't want to hear screams anymore, not mine and not his, unless we're in bed,

My humor is out of this fucking planet.
Louis CK got nothing on me bitches. I'm the new motherfucking king. On to the next question.

15:21

It's also some from 1-10 bullshit so I just circle 10 like the gangsta I am.

Gangsters only have one rule: Don't fuck with the family, dawg, and that's what I'm trying to avoid.

Ain't none gonna fuck around in my job, we are all brothers and sisters by spirit, homie. I hate myself.

15:22

"Can this go any slower, numnuts?" He demanded the sheets back now! "Just a few more moments, sir. I have to do this with the utmost of care!" Wow, my acting is gay as hell.

He scoffed at me and returned to his phone. I'm really sorry for letting him experience such negative emotions towards me. I knew all along that this was all my fault.

I hope that I can please him one day and become his disciple.

15:23

What the fuck am I even thinking?! Fuck, I feel so guilty about everything! The last two questions are a bit of a bummer.
"What is your dream job?" and "How would you like to spend the rest of your life?"

My dream job.

I close my eyes and think real hard: I want to be in Malibu and work as a foot masseur that specializes in female feet.

I would also love to spend the rest of my life being tied in a jungle and being rescued by a princess that proceeds to sexually assault me which I don't really mind, but after kissing me, she turns into a dove and has to migrate to the South.

Too bad for me.

15:24

"My dream job is to work in a creative office environment."

I cringe so hard at these written words that I genuinely feel sorry for myself. Others enjoy life, I only suffer.

Others stand up for themselves. I silently oblige.

It all pisses me off so much. And the word and the word and the word and the word.

I'm myself again but what does it fucking mean in the face of the savage in front of me.
I will just get shut down again.

15:25

I would like to spend the rest of my life as a wageslaving depressed cucked little dogshit, alright? That's what I really want and that's what I'm gonna write down.

"I would like to spend my life providing value to the company as diligently as I can."

I don't know how many cocks I would have to suck in order to get this whorish feeling out of my body.

Do the higher ups really, REALLY believe in this or do they just revel in the fact that a poor soul like me has to write this or otherwise, it's go-time for this individual entity.

15:26

I hand him the papers and he tells me to fuck off. I quickly do and once I'm outta that door, rage and shame befall me.

I go back in to tell this fucker to suck my cock but as soon as I enter and see him, I feel guilt for wanting to hurt a human being so I quickly go out again.

He didn't even notice me, phew.

15:27

I'm walking towards my cubicle number 35, facing the ground, frustrated. I'm counting the tiles on the floor as I'm passing them. I love counting.

15:28

I arrive at my cubicle and the piece of art is still up and running. I watched it for a short while but I'm really just looking through it. No action for me today or tomorrow or the day after. My mind is hazed and blazed and dazed and confused and gloomy.

Just leave me the fuck alone.

15:29

I close the pornsite and get to work. Why? I don't know why. I guess I feel like it. After ten clicks I don't feel like it any longer.

Will someone please just end my suffering already?

It's already tough enough that one isn't allowed to take his own life.

That's hilarious actually, if you are a loser, we will punish you and if you're a winner - good luck in the other realm.

Isa was right. Matthew was right.

15:30

My hands are leaning heavily on my chin and I'm heaving. A cold sweat goes through me and makes me feel frozen from the ice.

That is the amount of care humans have towards each other. It's all about tribes.

Red vs. blue.

Assign me a color and who dares assuage my anger towards the other color? Why?

Because he is another color.

Are humans this primitive? Of course they are and those most uptight by it seem to be the ones most offended by it, as a general rule of opposite thumb.

15:31

I imagine what it is like to be a dancer, completely free of restraint and rules. I just want to glide on the floor and make the people around me drool over my talent. That is my problem. I'm society's problem.

I was punished (praised) so much in my childhood. I was the best at everything. I can attest to that. Out of 500 humans, me and 499 other people were all the best.

How deluded did our masters make us? I can't blame my parents for this one, it's all them. These sadists.

15:32

I'm so fucking angry. I KNOW. I know that my entire life is a lie. I know. I just know.

But why? Who? When? Why? Why? WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!! Why? Why did everyone fool me?!

Is everyone on this planet a malignant shit eating psychopathic scumbag or what?

I played with my knuckles for a bit, if only I was stronger, if only I was more powerful. That ain't gonna happen, now is it?

15:33

I type in "Stalin speech" and I watch this faggot subhuman Russian shit cunt talk and I ask myself what the fuck is wrong with you idiots?

What the fuck is wrong with the human species to give this, this, I can't even explain this fucking teddy bear.

What is up with that shit? What is this teddy bear even mumbling to whom?

Supple bear. Stiff bear. Stalin bear.
He hugs you with his sturdy communist hand.

No task is a problem for you after Stalin bear hugs you!

15:34

Unbelievable, really. He just stays there and talks like a few words and then he looks at the microphone all stoked being like: Alright, you guys, that's a microphone, now I'm gonna look at the ground for a little bit.

It's all tactical, don't worry. I might even say a few words afterwards but right now I'm just gonna fucking stare.

Russia sure is snowy, it's a cold winter, ain't it? I'm Stalin by the way, hand me your pussy.

15:35

God, when I just imagine, when I just fucking imagine how many women throw themselves at humans like Stalin. I wanna kill myself!

I'm way prettier than he will ever be. I'm trash. I want to be like Stalin, Kim Jong-Un and Hitler at the same time.

Please.

I just want some motherfucking pussy to crush brah. I need, they got.

Look at this imbecile there standing on that podium without even addressing his audience.

He gets the bitches and where am I?

I get nothing. I don't even have a friend.

15:36

I wonder if we gave a man all the pussy, money and fame he wanted, would he grow weaker over time? I believe he would, wouldn't he?

Women are here to fuck us up while we pursue them but the cock insertion only really starts to happen when you catch one of those creatures.

They are all like:

"Hehehehehe, I'm so weak and frail and you are super strong. There is no way I can mean you any harm."

Sucking the blood out of me while singing a lullaby.

15:37

I'm kinda bored of this pattern and I want to change it but everything I think or feel leads me to this one path:

"All women are fucking whores! Fucking cum rags and stains of cum and prostitutes and STDS."

I can't shake this feeling off, I must be superior, otherwise I would be inferior. I laugh.

15:38

I continue laughing at my genius, at my ingenuity, at my hypocrisy and everything. I must be superior, otherwise I would be inferior.

That's how I'm thinking. Everyone else thinking like that shall be labeled a psychopath.

But this is the difference between me and you folks. I talk and not act.

You are all humans compared to me.

I must be the master of this story. In this tale of rot and flesh, I'm the bones and poison that kill even the most handsome of warriors.

I'm depression.

15:39

What should I do? What should I do?! Boredom and depression can be alleviated by cigarettes and alcohol.

I need me some gin and tonic to feel superdogshit.

Oasis is fucking gay as hell. I wonder how many cocks those two shitstains sucked. Faggot ass long haired retards. Boredom. I have money to spend on my credit card but not on my prepaid or my wallet.

My wallet shows negative dollar bills. Whatever. I open youtube, turn off my ad-blocker and wait for the first ad to catch my attention.

15:40

I don't wanna buy a fucking bible, no I don't want a job either - If I wanted a job I wouldn't be surfing the internet right now.

It must be ultra hard to be as talentless as I am.
I'm really a mediocre overblown faggot.

Anyways, let's escape those feelings: Too inferior for heroin, too superior for prescription drugs.

Born just in time to waste your life and your slave money on a freemium game.
Oh, don't get me started on these....

15:41

Nothing of value. I can't play any dress-up games. I mean, yes, most freemium games are dress-up games in disguise. You would get the same amount of joy out of just playing sexy female dress-up or something like that. The quality of youtube videos is steadily declining and the amount of partnered talent creators is going up massively.

Nice investment, Google.

Do you have an ad-blocker? If not, go and install one. Go and install an ad-blocker so retards like pewdiedogshit don't earn any money. Creativity? Fuck me in the asshole please.

Please install an ad-blocker to your browser, I promise that it's not a virus and that it will make your life 1 million times more enjoyable.

15:42

I'm watching a three minute ad of some guy trying to make it big on YouTube. I'm actually, legitimately crying. I have never felt such shame and humiliation for someone before. So he is talking about how evolution is not just a theory and how scientists have proven it or something. He has a three minute video talking about something as complex as the evolution of our species and he begins the video by saying and I'm quoting, with due respect:

"People who don't trust in evolution are retarded and backwards man!" He does his best to sound as condescending as one possibly can.

15:43

I'm just looking at his stupid face and I'm not even listening. I'm enthralled by the stupidity of his face.

He even has a hat on, no, it's not a fedora, sadly. But he has a hat on.

15:44

What makes a man like him tick? What makes someone inclined to actually spend money on promoting not his news, but a washed out, dumbed down version of what someone else has already said.

And the same shit gets recycled a million times.

15:45

The video is now over and he finished it off masterfully with: "Subscribe for more creationist pwnage!" all while sticking two fingers and being all 'I'm a rapper' like.

I don't even know. I don't know. At least he lost money on me. I feel sorry for this guy even though I hate his guts.

He really is the biggest loser I have ever met on this planet.
Whatever, time to move on.

15:46

I just click youtube videos like crazy and whenever I see an ad I click on it just to make the poor advertisers lose money.

I would also dislike the video and comment something in the likes of: "Die of cancer faggot, I fucked your mom last night."

But my account is synchronized with my work attire so I can't actually do that.

It would actually be so fucking cool to have a stake in Facebook or Google.

It's like you are giving them everything without them ever asking.

Sir please enter your social security number.
"Oh okay, nothing bad could stem from that. You want my credit card info too?"

15:47

People are so stupid. If only I could make some motherfucking money on these fools.

Maybe I should make a youtube account and become a gaytuber.
I would lifestream sucking my alpha boss's cock.

I'm too lowly of a being to deserve his cock. I should be happy with the fourth guy's cock, maybe even the second guy's cock, depending on the day of course.

God, I hate female youtubers. I hope they all get breast cancer.

15:48

Finally, I see a good ad, it's the best MMO game of 2025 and the only one that gives the user 20/20 vision! Someone must have had a sense of humor because it's cheesy as fuck but I like it.

I'm the cringelord of the universe, the alpha and the omega of all that is human shame.

Let me accompany you to the gates of hell, m'lady.
So I click on the ad and I'm now forwarded to some faggy site.

Luckily, you can login with facebook so I don't have to type my fucking credentials.

Connected myself to my gaming facebook account.

Fuck you NSA.

15:49

Choose your name. Dick nigger. Rejected. SlutWhore69. Rejected.
CumslutsBBCwhore420. Rejected. No capital letters, that's why it keeps getting rejected.

Magicbitchwhorelatina. Accepted. Choose your gender. Male or whore.

So there should be four genders like seriously man: Male, whore, tits, ass.

15:50

I'm searching for the perfect ratio of tits and ass. What do I prefer? Neither. I just want 'em big and slutty.
The sluttier you are, the more my credit card likes you.

What I like about this game is that every time you click on a female character, she moans and says something in Japanese.

Like, don't get me wrong, the entire game is in English but these guys really know their audience. I click them titties and they bounce big and she blushes.

HOW IS THAT PG-13???!!!

15:51

I haven't even started playing and already I'm having the time of my life. I can't edit her panties but they are barely visible. This makes it even hotter.

Her shoes are black high heels. They are at least twenty inches long and her size can't be more than 5'0. You guys have no idea how hot this fucking is.

I try on various colors, but black seems to be fitting her the most. She is one baaaaaaaaaad slut.

By the way, she is a dwarf with super high heels, for those of you who aren't using the dogshit metric system.

15:52

I'm actually fucking bored of this. I wanna see her ass jiggle as she's walking so I just randomize that other character trait shit and hit okay a few times.

Oh fuck I have to do a stupid tutorial. "Skip tutorial."
"Are you sure you want to skip the tutorial?"
"Yes."

Finally.

The graphics really are dogshit, except for the female characters, they retained their beauty from character creation up until now.

It wants me to do some faggy quest but I ain't no fucking grinder faggot so I just decline.

Time to role play.

15:53

I realize that my character has green fucking hair. Green? I'm not a fucking feminist.

Change that shit.

"To unlock the hair menu, you have to be level 10." Fuuuuuuck.

No way am I waiting for that. I try to find a way around this and after a few more mouse clicks I land on a page offering to drink an elixir of appearance for only 25,99$.

Normally, I would reject such an offer BUTTTTT there is a half naked girl lying on her chest with huge eyes and her tits are so cute and jiggly and riled up and she is telling me, in a speech bubble,

"Choose wisely, master!"

Oh, I will, tits.

15:54

I put in all my credit card info but it's rejected because my CVC is missing. The fuck is that?

15:55

I frantically search through my belongings for this CVC shit. Can't find it anywhere. It's not on my ID or insurance to say the least.

I look at the screen and she tells me to "hurry up, master!" She closed her eyes. Oh God.

I gotta do it now. I feel a burden in my heart. I found the stupid code, it was at the back of my credit card.

15:56

I type it in and quickly proceed to checkout. As the transaction is completed, my heart finally feels like it's beating again.

I feel an overwhelming sense of joy and tranquility, as if a shooting star just evaporated from my mind and all over my body. It's similar to an orgasm.

I actually lost interest in the game just as one loses interest for his bitch.

I lay there seated in my chair, looking at the monitor but not really looking towards it just through it.

15:57

I changed her hair style, but it just isn't the same anymore. I try to quit the game but there is no exit button.

Actually, there is but you have to unlock it for $2,99$.

I'm tired of this shit so I just alt+f4 this crap.

It doesn't really work because I get thirteen pop-ups asking me to confirm that I'm really sure.

AND I really am sure, Jesus Christ. But they want to be sure that I'm sure so I understand. I understand completely. I'm saddened by this fact.

I turn the power on my computer on and off.

15:58

A collective sigh, a collective outcry of tears and screaming and panic: "Why my computer go black and then restart???"

Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.
Cry more you stupid idiots.

Your computers went down?
I hope you lost all your data for today.
I hope you lost your careers in this power outbreak.

Some women can be heard weeping. Cry, you whores.

15:59

A supervisor starts flocking my cubicle, it seems that the main power source is in my hands.
Finally, I got some power handed to me and I wasn't even aware of it. Now, the game starts.

A guy in a fancy-schmency suit asks in a soft and calm yet authoritative voice:

"What happened?"

"I have no idea sir. I was just focusing on my task so hard that I developed tunnel vision which prevented me from overwatching the central power system, sir."

"Alright." He smirked,
"Don't let it happen again!"

His cold sociopathic stare pisses me the fuck off.

16:00

I'm so tempted to do it again, just because he told me not to let it happen again.

Just go ahead and inspect the area around it, you won't find anything you stupid tool.

My computer is loading so I don't need to pretend that I'm working so I'm just gonna watch him fail miserably at an attempt to fix the unfixable:

The capacity of human touch. You can't fix no kingdom rotting from the inside.

The human always has a human rotting somewhere else.
I want to watch you sweat, authority fag!

16:01

I hope you all fucking die of cancer. I hate you all. Everyone here is nothing but a stupid whore.

God, I hate everyone and everything so fucking much I want to explode.
Why are there now five people watching the guy watching the fucking power outlet? This is my cubicle. My number thirty-five. MINE.

I bought it. I spilled my cum all over it. Get the fuck out of the fucking place I own.

Fucking retards. Fucking dumb swines. I hate you all so much, you all deserve to die.

16:02

This guy. This guy is just staring at the fucking outlet preventing me from working. It isn't just him but the fucking computer that takes eight fucking millennia to fucking load. It's shit. I'm so glad the power went off.

I'm gonna fucking do it again, just you guys leave my presence. I will fuck everyone up.
I will destroy you. I will kill people with my voice.

Shut up, shut up, shut up.

My voice shall strike fear into everyone's hearts.

16:03

The worst isn't over yet, I already talked about how five people are here and those five people are guess who? Five whores and all of them look scared. They are scared shitless looking at him looking at the power cord and him?

He seems to be exercising the concentration of his lifetime.

His gaze piercing that slutty cord with sweaty hands as if he is waiting for the bomb to go off.

Evacuate the building, this is a job for the supervisor.

16:04

I wonder how or what these lowlife whores are thinking?

"He is so brave for looking at that power cord, I wish he would fuck me in the asshole."

Two of them are actually whispering about something. Can you imagine this scenario?

TWO OF THEM ARE WHISPERING AS TO NOT FUCK UP THE MASSIVE AMOUNT OF CONCENTRATION REQUIRED TO LOOK AT A POWER CORD.

I'm actually sweating so profusely - steam is coming out of my skin pores.

16:05

He finishes his arduous job, ACTUALLY breaks a sweat while doing it and leaves my fucking cubicle.

Before leaving it, however, he takes his paw and brushes his face with it to say: All in a day's work.

I want to murder him. As the flock of whores see that, they break out in collective relief and fly away to their designated breeding nests.

God, I hate humanity so fucking much.

Bunch of stupid, dumb animals, yet you can't escape nor kill them, just try and coexist until one day you have had enough and just murder somebody like it doesn't make no sense. It's like: It's justified to murder humans if the clothing industry allows it.

16:06

I'm so full of rage and loathing - I can't work for the day any more. There is no way I'm working at this place any longer, at least not for today.

It's Monday you guys.

Only four more days until two more days until four more days, HOW CAN YOU ANIMALS NOT MANAGE TO BE CLINICALLY DEPRESSED?!! I want to cry but I can't.

My tears have been stolen from me. They have taken everything. They have bled me dry and now the vultures are taking the last of my motherfucking meat.

16:07

Now that I'm alone in my prison cubicle and mind, the desire to fuck shit up runs high.

There we have the cord urging me to turn it off again.

If only I had control over all the lights and switches in this facility…

It would have been so glorious. I would screw with this office so much that everyone would quit the job and the company would go under.

Now, I'm the one staring at the cord with prying eyes and I'm getting paid for it!

16:08

Should I go for it?
The closer I itch towards it, the more my anxiety and fear spike up. It's wonderful, isn't it?

Humans have no fucking clue how just life is.

They have no clue about the fact that the homeless man deserves to be homeless and that the CEO deserves to be a CEO. They live for one word only: HAPPINESS.

What retards they are!

Do you know who seeks happiness in life? Sheep - that's what they are. All of them.

16:09

I'm trying real hard to get close to the cord but my body is preventing me from acting.

It is a burden upon me.

I wonder what I would look like if my body was burned and my true form revealed?

I wonder what my spirit would look like.

I wonder if the flames would burst up and asphyxiate every human on this planet.

Oh God, I want it so much!

16:10

It would be so nice not to be constrained by the weak frame of my body. Not to be constrained by the chemicals rolling in and out all of the time.

It sucks to be honest. How great would it be if I could just do it, you understand?

Just stand up and do it. I'm thinking and I'm staring but I'm not getting any closer to solving my brain enigma.

What could possibly go wrong?

They are all idiots anyways. No one will even notice that you were the culprit.
Just do it, don't worry, unless...
Unless they really aren't that stupid after all???

16:11

Yes they are! Yes they are! YES THEY ARE!!!!!!!!!

This enrages me so fucking much.

This is no longer a matter of do or not but life or death.

I would rather die than submit to my body but I have to plan shit out.

First, I have to open up my work page, then I have to look like I'm working and thirdly I have to look inconspicuous.

Actually, I just have to look like I'm working. The computer hasn't loaded the three programs it has installed as of yet, so yeah.

16:12

I'm staring at the computer feeling so fucking ready. So fucking ready, oh yeah!

16:13

It isn't loading yet, this is perilous. This shit is so fucking dumb and dangerous but yo, I'm still the smartest being in the universe, despite any of my actions. This gives me confidence! Come on, Windows 95, load!!!

16:14

I'm actually so fucking sick and tired of this shit.

I'm both restless and jittery and one more thing, triggered beyond your wildest imaginations.

I actually leave my cubicle in order to do something very nefarious: Spy on my coworkers and collect intelligence.

This will help me blend in to become the perfect wageslave.
I leave the cubicle and my mind is screaming to go back but fuck no I'm in control now. I'm God!

I stroll around and find that everyone is sitting on their computer at first glance.
Need more info.

16:15

I pass around the premises and they seem to be doing literally nothing but staring at the screen.

I'm actually awestruck by this shit. Humans really are just animals. There is actually zero evidence that we are any different than animals.

We can talk? Bees talk too.
We can think? Dolphins too.
Empathy? Elephants.
We are conscious of our existence? Lol dude. Ask your local security guard how conscious he is.
We can build sticks and shit? Monkeys.
We can destroy stuff more efficiently? Still animals.

16:16

I walk past another five and nobody seems to mind me. I actually feel like a fricking supervisor up in this bitch. Good job, wageslaves.

Continue doing what you're doing. It actually feels great.

I understand now why humans love power so much, it feels good to be able to take a crap on someone's head. Another ten cubicles and the same conclusion from before, good wageslaves, good.

16:17

As I'm heading back I'm once again amazed by the platitudes of human beings: Their body language, their way of sitting, their way of crossing their legs, their way of fiddling with their hands, their way of looking at things…

It's all so boring, so human, so animalistic.

16:18

I arrive at my cubicle and recollect my thoughts for the final bang - time to rustle some jimmies or get someone's work deleted for real this time.
Also, enough time has passed to actually let everyone back on their work again.

This means that it's motherfucking go time.

Wait, we'll wait just a few more minutes, we want massive chaos and destruction, don't we?

16:19

I adopt my pose to that of the average male wageslave: Hands on keyboard, stomach protruding out of his shirt, legs manspreading like they should be and I even opened up my work program.

HAHAHAHAHAHA, work program, so funny. So funny…

It's actually just a Microsoft program.

I start 'working'.

I'm actually working but what they don't know is that this all has a hidden agenda.

16:20

I have never enjoyed clicking my mouse so much in my life. This agonizing yet refreshing energy streaming throughout my entire being, it's so strong and patronizing?

I don't know if this is the best word to describe it, but fuck yeah it's patronizing in a good way.

16:21

Click, click, click, click, click, click, pause and then again. I'm actually happy.

For the first time in this motherfucking shift, I'm very happy.

I'm ecstatic to be working this mind-numbing job because it all makes sense to me now. I can't wait for the carnage to start.

It's time soon, just after some more moments.

16:22

I continue clicking but my hands are shaking like dildos and my fingers are mini dildos. I could bring five pussies to climax right this instant.

Actually, it's twenty, I'm the best mathematician and logician in this facility.

Click, click, click, click, your end draws nigh.
Click, click, clickity, click.

16:23

Just a bit more, adopt the wageslave mind.
Adopt his thoughts and become one with him. Become him. Just become.

I'm so fucking excited my legs are going up and down.

I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna do it again and there is none standing in the way this time. Not even my shitty body.

Unbelievable, I really am metamorphosing into a God.

Just one more minute and it's game time.

I feel like I'm gonna faint from all the drugs surging through me.

16:24

I develop tunnel vision for the only thing important on this planet - the cord. I stand up, approach it, feel jittery on my feet, sit down, stand up again, approach it, raise my right hand and smash that motherfucker right out.

I sit down and wait for the voices.

16:25

I'm hearing them, the screams, once again. I like the screams, female screams are my favorite. Their agony feeds my body and warms my barren heart.

Panic breaks out once again, nobody is here to visit me yet.
I try to breathe but it's difficult.

My heart rate must have gone up more than that one time I did cocaine.
No, I don't want to remember that.

Come here to me, supervisor.

16:26

The supervisor isn't coming, but you never miss a bundle of whores. This time, eight of them decide to join into the voyage of staring at the cord.

They approach my cubicle, without my explicit permission of course, and start asking questions:

"Why is it happening?"
"Why computer go black black?" and so on.

I say:
"I don't know ladies. I'm just as clueless as you are."

I'm a master manipulator, a great schemer.
A Machiavellian extraordinaire.

16:27

"Why it keeps happening?" They chattered in violent opposition, "I really have no clue as to why this problem seems to be persisting."

"But it go black TWO TIMES."

The others nod in agreement when the words "two times" were spoken.

In a normal situation, I would have been the one losing my wits' ends to their dogshittery but being the omnipotent creator of this chaos, I revel in their ineptitude of figuring out my genius.

16:28

As a show of bravado and sheer confidence, I try to turn the computer on, with success of course, and I scream out:

"Where is my data?!"

The whores start paying attention to me and I start sobbing, quietly:
"All my data is lost!"

The whores get shaken by this. I watch their reactions with a keen eye.

I got them in my peripheral vision.

One of them comes close to me, Shaniqua, to be frank - small boobs, okayish ass, 5/10 would bang because I'm a kissless virgin.

Shaniqua brushes my arm, which instantly makes me hard and makes me fall in love with her - I always preferred the exquisite taste of chocolate.

16:29

Can I have sex with her now? Is that how it works? It's funny, the human brain. I love Shaniqua.

All the other women are whores, but she is just a Goddess.
An African-American Goddess of love.

So cute, so full of life.
I love her.
Shaniqua speaks up: "It's alright, sweetie, it be happening to us too!"

The other six confirm and I smile.

Is this a gangbang invitation?

Oh you women are such dirty whores, it makes me all fuzzy in my chest.
We all just stare at the cord.

I steal another peek at her tits, they seem to have grown in size since I've decided to give her my babies.

16:30

One of them leaves to get the supervisors and I raise my head towards Shaniqua and plead: "What an unfortunate accident, I hope this gets resolved soon so we can all get back to work."

"Me too, sweaty."

What is the love of my life doing? She isn't looking at me while we're talking.

She is peering in the direction of the superior.
Whore, I think to myself.
Stupid, stupid, stupid whore.

She dares cheat on me?! I have the right to murder her this instant!

But I can't.
I will.
I raise my clenched fist and go strike but I stop because of laws and shit.

16:31

Everyone's waiting for the supervisor and I'm just here trying to scramble the pieces of my broken heart. How dare she?

After all we've been through…

I knew that one can never trust women but this is too much.
I'm angry, disappointed and calm.
I feel calm and sporadic, useless even.

What has she done to me?

I pierce her with my gaze in hopes that my laser-like focus will melt her into the mush she really is.

Unbelievable, to have been conned by this stupid monster of a woman.

Just dumb. I want my life to end.
Our life to end. Together.

16:32

The supervisor arrives with a heavy scoff at the sight he has to behold. He gives me a very judgmental glance and gets to 'work'.

Fixing a problem by staring at it, truly the American way.

He should have clasped his hands together and motioned for us to join in. I know that they would.

Shaniqua, I love you, but betrayal doesn't fare too well with me.

I hate you all so fucking much. This reminds me of that episode of Spongebob Squarepants in which the Magic Mushroom tells Patrick and Spongebob to sit around and do nothing.

And they oblige just like the idiots around me.

16:33

Not only do they oblige but they get rewarded by the Gods for being useless vermin. I watch the supervisor because there is nothing better to do, all while maintaining perfect wageslave body language.

Shaniqua took the joy out of this one but she has already paid her just desserts, she was born a female.

The highlight seems to be him taking his hand and pressing the cord as if that will fester some sort of solution to the problem.

Maybe he was just testing out if the cord was plugged in correctly.

Believe me, it was.

16:34

As I'm watching him, my brain reminds me of him telling me: "Don't let this happen again or else..." Wait, did he even say 'or else...'?

I don't know. I'm terrified. Anxiety up. Self-confidence down. What is going to happen to me?

Shit, shit, shit.

How did I not think of this?!

It was coming in the back of my subconscious mind but it seems like I got heavily DDOSed by my own fucking brain.

Are my sentiments right now also DDOS attacks?

I can't tell because I'm shaking so much my thoughts get all jumbled up.

16:35

Every time he does one of those sudden movements, my heart follows suit. My heart rate exponentially grows with his movements, is this the birth of a gay romance?

I can't tell. I take a gander at the clock: Only twenty-five minutes left, thank God.

I have to survive for that long to get out of here and be out of this mess, John Doe doesn't want any trouble.

No, no, no, no.
No trouble for me.

I want to be on good terms with everyone and everything.

Please don't kill me, I'm just a sad 25-year old who just got cheated upon by the vile bitch Shaniqua.

16:36

I want this uneasy feeling to stop. I want to resolve this conflict. You know how when you smoke some dank-ass weed and you just get so paranoid about everyone knowing you smoked that you just wanna share the news with them?

That's how I feel about this entire situation - I did it but not intentionally!

As I was making my way to the trash can, I fell over my chair, leaped two meters into the air, did a 180 degree backflip and landed exactly on this one spot in which my right hand brushed the cubicle connecting the cord with power in such a way that it disconnected.

I'm seriously pondering just admitting it.

16:37

As I'm fighting my inner demons, he stands up and stares at the cord again, but now from the bird's perspective.

I'm frightened.

I feel ostracized and shunned by everyone, especially her.
That whore!

He is still looking at it as if this gives him some sort of ground advantage.
It probably does, he is after all, a human animal, a bird without feathers sizing up its prey.
Sad, pathetic, and scary...

16:38

He opens his mouth:

“I can't find any malleable technical difficulties on this platform. John Doe! Did you see anything?”

I lower my head like the submissive little animal I am.
I even toned down my voice so as to not sound threatening.

The thing is, if someone goes at 90% at you, you gotta strike at 10% or otherwise you disbalance the universe.

"No."

I barely mutter, "Something has to be done about this!" He turned his attention to the ladies:

"I'll be back."
As he left, all of them took a long peek at him - was it admiration, lust or what? I don't know.

I don't want to care.

16:39

It seems like I'm in the clear, this was a tough one.
The whores have a conversation among themselves but their group is slowly dissipating, there is no new drama to be created and they have to save up some blabber for tomorrow's coffee machine chit-chat, don't they?

I feel as if my soul has been ripped from my chest. I just want to go home.

What is home? God, I'm so lonely.
I just want to be hugged so badly.

I wanna cry again but I'm dried up just like a pussy when I get near it.

I'm a genius after all, albeit a lonely one...

16:40

The last twenty minutes. Pure agony.

The worst time to be alive. If only I could leave now so as to not be stuck in a two hour traffic jam for a ten-mile ride. If only.

But that would be twenty minutes of me not working my ass off.
It's only Monday, hahahahaha.

Four consecutive days of this bullshit.
Will I survive? I will.
I always think I won't.

I often invite death to come to me but it never listens.
It instead visits old people, as if there's some sort of hidden system behind it.

They can't squeal, it's just full blown ageism at work.

16:41

Time won't pass, will it?
I'm not aware of it flowing, it pisses me off.

I just wanna run away and never come back to this city, country, planet, galaxy, universe.
Just take me away from this oxygen atom world.

I want a spirit.
I don't want to be a meditation faggot, no thanks.

Just bullet me from afar, a sniper should suffice.
Am I so unbearable that a bullet is worth more than my life?
Apparently so.

Waiting is so painful for me. What should I do?
No, I don't want to go on the computer, it's pointless by now.

There is no time for that. Each second is filled with so much bile, you can't even imagine.

16:42

I'm so sleepy, why is nothing happening? I start counting numbers:

One, two, three, four, five fingers I have on me, six, seven, eight, nine, ten fingers I possess, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen with like one leg added to the fray, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20…

I don't give a damn anymore. Yo, fuck this shit man.

16:43

The supervisor comes back, but he's not alone.

There is a guy on his left side next to him and he is giving him some instructions which I can't hear because they are all so secretive and shit.

He leaves but not without making sure he spikes up my anxiety by giving me the 'I'm watching you' stare.

16:44

I'm so fucked - I forgot to pretend that I'm working so I just straight up ask the guy why the fuck he be in my cubicle, yo?

He said that he had to look out for any suspicious activity on the power cord.

Fucking kill me already, like he is going to be able to do dogshit or see the electrons being disconnected from the protons or what?

Well, at least he will stop me.

I would've stopped by my own but whatever - if you deem me so powerful as to employ humans to contain me - all the power to you, man.

16:45

I try to make chit-chat with the guy but he is too focused on the cord to do anything. What a mindless tool he is.

I'm at least three billion times more superior to him.
I get back to work and start clicking shit again.

16:46

I'm tired of clicking shit and now am perplexed as to how to fuck with this guy for a bit to kill some time.

I know, I'll just show him how great it is to be paid while not working.

I pull out my mobile phone, push my chair away from the desk and pretend that I'm messaging someone.

I'm just clicking random shit.

How do you like that?!

16:47

He isn't paying any attention to me. How dare he neglect me?!
Fuck you, asshole.

Idiot, moron, retard, faggot, anime.

I don't even know anymore. I'm too tired to hate. I need to recharge my batteries in order to get that full dose of toxicity back.

Take a sip from my well and you will be fifty years older in no time.

16:48

I'm just staring at the ceiling at this point, doing absolutely nothing. I seem to be freed from my thoughts, for now.

16:49

Go kill yourself, stupid! Oh, there we go. Time is so painfully slow.

If I could give away my own life to be teleported straight to home, I would do that.

I'm hungry and thirsty and caffeine and nicotine.

Need them now.

No nicotine or caffeine for yesterday and food is scarce, didn't you know? Water?
The bills are getting bigger in proportion month by month, we gotta save some money on air and water.

Just put me on Mars or something, please, I totally belong.

I'm watching the seconds fly by but it still feels like I'm frozen in time.
Please speed this shit up.

16:50

I will explode out of boredom.

"What is the time?"
"Do you wanna sit down?!"
"Are you okay?"

I ask a barrage of questions but this sheepish fucktard doesn't budge an inch. He is tunnel visioning the cord, hardcore.

I wanna get up and touch him but I'm kinda scared.

One could even say that I respect him in some sort of way because man he is kinda just being the perfect worker, the antonym of me and you know how opposites attract each other? Well, yeah.

16:51

This is just fucked up. How can he stand still like this?! I open up the Internet and type 'fuck you'.

A song comes up, another song.

Hey, let's take up that SEO space with our shitty hood lyrics.

I wanna put up some hardcore gay porn to spite this guy but then I remember that he can report my ass.

I open up my work and close it again. Not now, definitely not now.

16:52

I start packing my shit because why the fuck not.

It's a mess but I just stuff it all in my bag.

I purposely leave the trash there just to break the office rule of keeping your desk clean.

It's my desk and I will have sexual relations with it if I so please.

16:53

I'm playing with tiny bread crumbs and collecting them all on a huge pile, not to dispose of them but to turn them even smaller and then distribute them under so that my workplace really looks like dogshit.

Every now and then I take a peek at him in the hopes he is witnessing my ingenuity but no, he is a loser focused on his own shit.

16:54

I search for my wallet, tuck my phone into my shirt - don't ask why - I just do what I want.

I turn off my computer and revel in the fact that I turned it off one minute before we should launch the command to turn it off.

I nudge it on the monitor and ask him if he has had enough electro shocks for today.

He doesn't answer.
Even he is ignoring me.
What a time to not be dead.

16:55

Last five minutes, I'm actually relieved. The burden from five minutes ago is no more.

The shackles have fallen.
I'm a free man right now.

Nothing will stop me in just a few short moments. Just give me wings and I will fly - I don't see the problem.

I'm getting excited, over what?

Traffic, shitty food, TV, Internet and sleep.

The cycle of mediocrity depresses me but I pretend not to have thought about it.

I did.

16:56

I'm at a loss for words. I put on my twenty dollar jacket and pick up all of my stuff. I'm ready to lift off.

I spot an empty plastic bottle on the ground.

After picking it up, I throw it on the ground again because fuck you, it's my cubicle.

The faggot is still focused on the cord, what an irksome fool he is.

In a world created by me, he would not have been elected president of the USA.
Never.
I don't know why I think that but I just do, alright?

16:57

I can hear movement outside of my own cubicle, shit is going down folks, everyone is itching to go home.

I hate life but I guess it's the little things like the change of prisons which make all the difference for some people, I guess.

I don't know. I feel sad.
I feel sad for my thoughts.
I feel sad for feeling sad.
I feel sad for having emotions.

Just ride the wave would a psychoshitter say to me now.

I wish I could just beat the shit out of everyone in the psychology/psychiatry unit.

16:58

I stand up and make my way to the exit door. Did you really think I would be stopped by shit like anxiety when it comes to actually LEAVING this hellhole? Oh, no.

I'm outta here as fast as one could say: Meow.

I laugh at the stupidity of my words as I'm walking down the aisles.

I'm picking up my pace, nobody can follow me.

Fuck, I forgot my bag and to check out.

16:59

I take my bag and I check out. I'm running again.

I run past many animals, sometimes almost colliding with some of them. It was a good day.

Let's go, let's go.
I'm out of here.

I can see the front door.

Freedom, here I come.

I just have to jump past the security guard and I'm on fresh turf.
I'm stopped by one of the higher-ups, he smiles.

"Where do you think you're going?!"

17:00

"Home, sir!"
I'm excited.
"It's 17:00!"
I scream even louder.

"We have to do some overtime today as we had a meeting and lost much valuable time on the power outlet situation. We'll all be here until 20:00."

My mouth widens.

I walk back to my cubicle, sit down and there is just one word circulating in my potato-mashed brain:

Fuck!

AFTERWORD

What is the point to all of this?
What is he trying to accomplish?
What is the message the author is trying to convey?
What can we all learn from this?
What is his end goal?
What is a better alternative to the system we have?

I would love to answer all of these questions and many more.

Unfortunately, I'm currently stuck in my fourth, consecutive, on-going, 12 hour shift and I can see my boss beckoning me to join his presence.

Is he going to pet his animal? Time to find out.